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Ask Henry





# ASK Henry

by Henry Makow

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

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*I dedicate this book to my parents,  
not because everyone else does,  
but because no one deserves it more.*

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## A WORD ABOUT HENRY

All over North America the bars and coffee houses are filled with people who believe they could set the world on its ear as newspaper columnists—if they were only given a chance. But they're denied this chance by the gross incompetency of editors who refuse to give their efforts a place in their papers.

This may be. Editors are busy people. They have little time for aspiring columnists whose work has no zip, no originality, nothing to lift it out of the pedestrian class. And it is unfortunately true that the great mass of material offered to editors is just this kind of dull and deadly bilge.

So when the coffee house Lippmanns claim that they're not getting much consideration, they speak the truth. But they're getting all the consideration they deserve: If an editor loses interest after the first two paragraphs, is there any good reason why he should read farther? He knows that his readers will do the same, if indeed they get even that far.

But let one article arrive that has sparkle and life and wit, that same editor—no matter how busy—will drop everything else to give it full consideration.

That is exactly what happened when Henry Makow's letter and sample column arrived on my desk. There was plenty of other work to do but it all had to wait until I had read everything Henry had to say, got a real charge out of it and then passed it around to others who reacted in the same way.

The sample column was a refreshing mixture of the snappy comeback and good common sense, in the best Ann Landers-Dear Abby tradition. But, in addition, Henry had been smart enough right at the start to disarm an adult's aversion to his presuming to give advice to parents. He did this by suggesting to

Editor of  
Ottawa Journal

Dear Editor,  
my name is Henry  
Makow. I go to Fairfield School  
and I am in grade 6<sup>A</sup>. I'm eleven  
years old. This morning, I came  
across an idea for a column  
in your paper. The column would  
be called, Ask Henry! Parents would  
send me letters on their troubles  
with children and I would under-  
stand the child's position and I  
could help with their problem.

Yours truly  
Henry Makow

his first letter-writer that she apply the strap to her disrespectful little monster instead of attempting some permissive-school remedy. A bit of judiciously applied corporal punishment was obviously what was needed but it still came as a pleasant surprise to have it called for by an 11-year-old.

I have often thought that if his answer had been otherwise, I'd have carefully returned him the letter.

Elsewhere in this book, Henry tells the rest of the story: The instant success that attended his first column, the syndication, the radio and TV appearances and the chance to write this book. So there's no need for me to dwell on it, other than to say he merits it all.

I wish him well—as a writer, and, in the days ahead, as a university student. And when he graduates, if he hasn't grown old and fat with literary success, I may even give him a try-out on the police beat.

William H. Metcalfe  
Managing Editor The Journal  
Ottawa, Canada

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1.

## How I Became a Columnist

DEAR HENRY: For a long time I've been wondering about a certain thing. How in the world did you ever get your job with the newspaper? Did somebody just come up to you and ask if you wanted to have a job with the paper? Or does your father have a job with the paper himself? Or isn't it any of my business?

*Just Wondering*

DEAR JUST WONDERING: The only connection my father has with the newspaper is that he reads it. He is a scientist. No one came up to me and asked me to write the column either. I wanted to save up money for my education, thought of the idea and the title and sent it to the paper. And here I am.

*Henry*

But I better tell the whole story.

On March 4th, 1961, my father brought our family to visit the open house at Carleton. I was very much impressed by the University and I decided to start saving money for my education. On March 6th I phoned the two Ottawa newspapers to try to get a job as a paper boy, and I was put on a waiting list. Then my laziness took over and I forgot about saving money. Two weeks later the Easter Holiday came



around and I started to earn a little money, helping Mom—about 35 cents.



**Too young for a job.**

To encourage me, my father offered to double my savings, which turned out to be a big mistake on my father's part. I was looking for a job, and I went to a gas station and a grocery store to offer my services, but, I was turned down because of my age. Then me and my friend decided to wash cars for our neighbors, for 25 cents, but when we did not get any business the price went from 25 cents—20—15—10—5 cents and then we quit our business proposition. I guess the people did not trust us with their cars.

After all these defeats I was about to give up saving for the University, but on Tuesday, April 3rd, I decided to write a column of some kind because I read all sorts of columns. First, I thought I would write on politics, but it was too complicated. Then I got an idea. I thought that there must be a hundred columns by parents advising other parents on children's problems. But a boy advising parents would be a



different type of a column, and as a boy I could understand a child's position better than an adult. After all, I had been a child for eleven years. I wrote a letter to the Editor of the *Ottawa Journal* right away and I enclosed three sample letters and answers. I told a friend about it and he thought that this was stupid and he laughed. He said maybe the Editor would put my letter in the letters to the Editor column. I thought I would be the laughing stock of the school. Still, I had high hopes.

The next day when I came home from a small adventures trip with a friend my mother told me that Mr. William Metcalfe, Managing Editor of the *Ottawa Journal*, had called and he was very interested in meeting me. My mom went on to say that she had made an appointment with him, after school, Monday, April 9th. The next three days were very, very long.

Monday, after school, I took the bus into town. I was quite excited. When I got off the bus I asked a lady where the *Ottawa Journal* is. She told me two blocks to the east. After going two blocks, I landed right in front of the *Ottawa Citizen*, another Ottawa newspaper. After a while, I found the *Journal*.

I slowly went inside the building, I found some steps going up. My mother told me that Mr. Metcalfe's office is on the sixth floor, so I began walking up. On the second floor a man asked me how far up I am going, and I told him that I was going to the sixth floor. "Well, if I was you, I would take the elevator," he said. So into the elevator I went. On the way up, the elevator man started to ask me all kinds of suspicious questions, where are you going? What do you want? and so on, jab, jab, jab, yap-yap-yap. Finally we reached the sixth floor and I left Perry Mason behind in the

elevator. I went into a big room, where there was a lot of racket. I asked where Mr. Metcalfe's office was.\* I went to it. I waited at his door tensely until he finished talking to his secretary.

"Come in" he said, "you must be Henry Makow." "Yes sir," I replied.

"Do you think you could manage a column?" "Yes sir," I replied. Yes sir was all I could manage to say. After I replied to all questions Mr. Metcalfe said, "I will run your three samples this Saturday in the *Journal* and I will pay you \$3.00. If the public likes you I will keep your column." "Thank you, sir," I said. Then he brought me to a social writer, and she tested me giving some parents' questions about children's problems, which I answered satisfactory like. Then Mr. Metcalfe showed me the *Journal* plant. I went down to the main floor with Perry Mason, left the building, bought some gum, and went home.

"Hi! Mom, Dad, I got the job!" My parents were very happy and they kissed me and congratulated me. Saturday came, and I was extra surprised. My picture and a story about me was on the front page, and my sample column and a copy of my letter were on the fourth page. Here are the sample letters and my answers:

DEAR HENRY: My 5½-year-old child said "Shut up" to me. How should I react?

*Reaching For The Strap*

DEAR REACHING FOR STRAP: Reach for your strap is what you should do. Stop the swearing when the child is young and your child will only swear again when he loses his temper.

\* It was tucked away in a corner.



**Reach for your strap. Good parents do.**

DEAR HENRY: I have three children and they love TV. I've tried to make rules but I can't keep them going. What should I do?

*Worried*

DEAR WORRIED: It is almost impossible to keep children away from TV but you could use force and just let them watch certain programs. They will get over it.

DEAR HENRY: My little boy who is five years old is afraid to go to kindergarten. He is shy and wants me to go and stay with him. What can I do?

*Worried Mother*

DEAR WORRIED MOTHER: Introduce your child to a lot of children his age. Tell him about the games and fun, and go with him the first day. Praise your child a lot. I always work better when my parents praise me.

Weekend passed. Monday morning my friend and me walked into the grounds of Fairfield School. Another friend of mine ran over to a bunch of boys, who are in my class, and said "Guess what Henry is. He is a communist!" A

columnist," I corrected him. When school was out, I went home.

Next day when my father came home from work he told me that the Toronto Telegram News Service wants to syndicate my column and Mr. Argyle, the Editor, is coming in by plane that evening to sign a contract. At 7:30 P.M. a taxi came down our road, slowed down at our place, but went on. Most people can't find our place cause some kids turn the street sign post around. But I was sure it was our man, so on to my horse I went, gidee-yap horsey, but my legs could not run any faster. I took a short cut through the field road before the taxi got there. Then I ambushed the taxi and learned that it was our man. So I directed them to our place and home we went. My Pop signed a contract and I signed it too.

After that, I appeared on many TV and radio programs. Mr. Argyle introduced me to many newspapers. When my earnings were \$18.00 a week I said, I will release my worrying father from his obligation to double my earnings, if he buys me a baseball glove, which he quickly did.

Some people have been asking me how my life has changed since I became a columnist. Well, not much. All it is, is a little extra work, extra fun and extra dough.

Some people can't believe that I write the answers myself:

DEAR HENRY: I read your column each week and I was wondering where you get the answers for the questions.

*Wondering*

DEAR WONDERING: I get the answers from the same place Einstein got his theories.

Sometimes people recognize me. Once I was in a bus coming home from the library. In the bus a little girl was staring at me all the time. We both got off at the same stop.

She went one way, I went the other. All of a sudden she turns around and yells: "Are you the boy who writes the ads in the paper?"

Once I was in a movie. Three girls were sitting behind me. I overheard one girl saying to another: "You know that 'Ask Henry'—*He is a riot!*"

It is fun to get letters, read them and answer them. I read the problems and if I can't come up with an answer right away, I leave it, but I keep thinking. And sometimes an answer comes up while watching TV, playing football, day-dreaming in school or sleeping.

After all that brain busting, once the column has been sent off it always gives me a queer feeling to open up the weekend's newspaper and find it again, but this time *neatly* in print.

## 2.

# All in Fun

“Daddy, does the sun ever get a sunburn?” asked my five-year-old brother, while playing on the beach. Growing up is fun, asking questions, learning new things, seeing new places. Making new things, like a mud pie at 5, a tree fort at 10, a good jalopy at 15 and a radio set at 20.

Everything which goes with growing up is fun. School is fun although kids sometimes denounce it. Parents like to spoil kids’ fun by nagging: keep clean or else, don’t go here or there or else . . . and we know what else is.

Here are some examples of fun in our neighbourhood:

- Johnny is playing house and has three wives.
- Two nine-year-old girls were selling pretty stones *free*.
- The kids of the whole neighbourhood were swimming in our neighbour’s swimming pool.
- Three girls set up a carnival which lasted 15 minutes.
- We are rehearsing falling out of our boat. That was fun.
- We were trying to catch a chipmunk.
- Jackie painted his face with water colours and went on the warpath.
- We had lots of fun exploring an old barn.

Everything has problems, so has fun.





**"Does the sun ever get a sunburn?"**

DEAR HENRY: Next week is my son's seventh birthday. Two weeks ago I gave him permission to personally invite his friends to a birthday party. Today he told me he had done so. It seems that he is more popular than I had ever imagined. Almost all the children in his second grade class—totalling about 25 in all—are coming, and have already bought many presents. We have a small house. What shall I do!!!?

*Panic-Stricken*

DEAR PANIC-STRICKEN: Since you have a small house, stage the riot in your backyard.

After, I wished my Pop would let me invite all my friends, not that I want to invite them, but I would get tons and tons of toys. I can see how this kid got to invite so many. He was allowed to invite a few of his good friends, and as soon as the rest of the class learned that he was having a party, they became his "good" friends temporarily.

Here is a girl who wants to gain popularity and social standing at parties.

DEAR HENRY: My Mary, who is eight, likes to make parties in my absence and uses up my provisions with her friends. She was told not to do it without permission, but she repeats it again. What can I do?

*Mary's Mother*

DEAR MARY'S MOTHER: Your girl is trying to win popularity among her friends. Let her have a few parties once in a while. Be patient with your budding social director.

Some months later I got this letter:

DEAR HENRY: Our nine-year-old's birthday is coming soon. I am like the person who wrote to you last summer saying that he has a small house and doesn't know where to have the party. Your reply was "Stage the riot in the backyard."

Well, there is snow on the ground here and cold and our house is really small. I'm afraid Dave won't have a big birthday party unless you come up with something.

*Mrs. J. D.*

DEAR MRS. J. D.: So what if there is snow and cold? The more snow the better. Make a big bonfire, have a wiener-marshmallow roast, maybe a sleigh ride and a snowball fight. I am sure all kids will have lots of fun. So "Stage the riot in the backyard" still goes.

To those kids and parents who live below the snow line:

You don't know how much fun you are missing—snow forts, snow men, snowball fighting and snow-clogged drive-ways. Also sometimes it snows an extra lot and we have to miss school, but we are hardly ever that lucky.

If this nut doesn't watch out where he is putting his transportation, he'll have to hitchhike wherever he goes:

DEAR HENRY: Whenever my little boy drives his bike he leaves it on the road instead of bringing it back home. What should I do?

*Tempted to Hide the Bike*

DEAR TEMPTED TO HIDE THE BIKE: I really never realized how much I need my bike until it had a flat tire. Then it is out of use for a while and I realize how much I want the bike. Put your son's bike out of reach for a while.

I had a three wheeler. I would still have it if I wasn't like the Tempted To Hide Bike's son. I really prized my bike. It was the best looking bike in the neighbourhood. I don't know why my father bought me such an expensive bike. He always complained when I asked him for an ice-cream cone. Well, anyway, that was the past, just like my bike passed under the wheels of my father's car.

Growing up is fun, although you get into mischief, so I put all the baby mischief here because it is not really mischief. When a baby does it, it's more like fun.

DEAR HENRY: I have twin boys, both four. They spend half of the afternoon watching the children's show and the other half making all the things the show tells them to do. The result is a mess. What is your advice?

*Mrs. B. A. J.*

DEAR MRS. B. A. J.: Send your kids to a nursery. This will train them for a kindergarten. Keep them away from TV. And you could take up a hobby or take a part-time job.

You have got two kids. You can keep one eye, one ear and one hand on each . . . and you think you have a problem. Some people get FIVE.

Some people really do get five kids and how they manage I'll never know. I wouldn't say anything about Mom's troubles with us THREE.

Here is a girl who is going to buy a whole store:

DEAR HENRY: We got two Christmas catalogues by mail. Our Susan has chosen already 15 toys and dolls, some very expensive, which she would like to get and keeps adding one or two every day. How can we help her to make up her mind for one only?

*Only One Wallet*

DEAR ONLY ONE WALLET: Buy her a rag doll, she will love it.

At Christmas I don't think you should let kids choose the toy. After all, the kid looks at the price tag before he looks at the toy. A girl can take any kind of a doll and adore it, love it and care for it. It doesn't matter if the doll can cry, laugh, talk or fly.

There are two kinds of kids, the one that can play alone, and the other one who can't and can't play with others as well. Well, this kid is shy and doesn't know how to make a friend:

DEAR HENRY: Three months ago we moved to a new house. My ten-year-old boy, who is shy, hasn't found a friend to play with yet. His smaller sister has already many playmates. He is very lonely. How can I help?

*A Little Concerned*

DEAR LITTLE CONCERNED: Invite a boy of your son's age to dinner. Buy your boy a do-it-yourself kite kit. Let them build it together and fly it together. Soon there will be a tail of kids attached to the kite and your boy.

By the "tail of kids" I meant that the tail will be attached to him and not to the kite.

I really like doing this:

DEAR HENRY: Whenever we go for a drive, my ten-year-old leans out and yells: "Get a horse" to every car we pass. I've told him not to do it but he keeps it up. What do you suggest?

*Getting Annoyed*

DEAR GETTING ANNOYED: Yelling things like: "Your horn works fine, what else did you get for Christmas?" is not bad unless you yell it at a police car. Be a good sport and let your kid cheer up the highway.

Any guy on the highway that can't take a few innocent remarks is a grudge. There is another saying I could use for the answer: "Your horn works fine, now try your brakes."

This is a kid who livens up the telephone system:

DEAR HENRY: My son loves to phone up people. He will, for example, call up a bakery and ask if they have hot rolls. When the reply is "yes" he would say: "I hope you will sell them," and he hangs up. What do you think of this?

*Amused and Angry*

DEAR AMUSED AND ANGRY: I think it is a lot of fun. It's a good exercise in public speaking. It will only bother grumpy people but it will amuse good sports. But I wouldn't say everybody should start doing it.

Some kids call up someone and say: "Is this Sam's fish store?" "No!" is the answer. "It sure smells like it."

Once me and two friends were in a large department store. On each floor is an information machine. You ask a question and the operator answers. A friend said: "Hullo" and he got the answer: "Ask it." So my friend said: "Are you free tonight, Honey?"

Fun will be fun but fun may get a little out of hand. Dangerous fun is fun but sometimes can take away the fun for the rest of your life.

There are many reasons us kids get into dangers in play:

#### *First reason: NOT BEING CAREFUL*

Kids don't really bother about being careful. Maybe girlies are, but us boys are different. For instance, when I see a really tall tree, suitable for climbing, I guess I just have to climb it. I don't think of the possibility of falling and breaking my neck.

#### *Second reason: BAD INFLUENCE*

There once were three boys, Jim, Jack and John. They went on a hike into a mountainous region. They came to a side of a cliff with a ledge 2 inches wide and 45 feet straight down. Jim and Jack were brave. They said: "We are not scared to go by the ledge like you John." "John, you are a chicken," said Jim "Yeah," said Jack, "you are a big chicken. We will get there before you, because through the ledge is a quicker way." Then Jim and Jack went through the ledge and got to the other side before John. John went around, but he would rather be a live chicken than a dead rooster.





**Rather be a live chicken than a dead rooster.**

*Third reason:* PLAYING WITH DANGER

Four-year-old Peter wants to be like his father. Father shaves so Peter wants to shave. Father finishes but forgets to put away the blades. Peter picks them up and makes a mess of himself!

I think parents should be extra careful with leaving dangerous things around, as a small kid may play with it. Here is a true story: My brother was playing on a swing and another little boy came up behind him and walloped him over the head with a heavy shovel. My brother got three stitches. (We didn't let my brother take revenge!)

"Daddy, why can't I have a chemistry set?" "Stan, be reasonable, our house is not insured."

*Fourth reason:* GOING PLACES WHICH ARE  
DANGEROUS

Near our house there is a quarry. Parents say it is a dangerous place to play. Near our house there is a highway which according to parents is dangerous to be near. Well, near our

house there is a school, which to us kids is a dangerous place.

I don't think the quarry is dangerous. The highest spot is about 30 feet from the ground but still my little brother climbs it like a professional Swiss mountain guide. Smaller kids play around the quarry and they are all professionals too.

The highway is different. Here I side with parents. It is dangerous. But kids are always thinking it couldn't happen to them until it happens and off to the hospital a kid goes.

Every day we see commercials trying to persuade people to be more careful, but we don't pay any attention to them until some accident happens and *then it's too late!*

Look at this question:

DEAR HENRY: My ten-year-old son would like me to buy him a bike. As we live in the center of the city, a bike could be quite dangerous. What do you advise me?

*Worried Mother*

DEAR WORRIED MOTHER: A bike spoils \$35, a broken neck spoils a life.

Only one little mistake can spoil a whole life. I know cause I once jumped into a snow pile, went right through it, feet first, and sprained my ankle. I couldn't go skiing for four weeks. I should have known better and jumped seat first.

People told me that this was the best answer I ever gave:

DEAR HENRY: I have a son, ten, who loves guns. He has a very big collection of them, pistols and rifles. Just a few days ago the pistol accidentally went off when he was cleaning it. Luckily it just burned his arm. I want him to be more careful with them. I don't want to take them away because it would break his heart.

*Wounded*

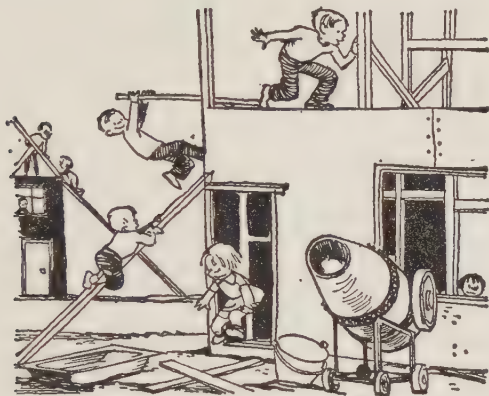
DEAR WOUNDED: Would you like the gun to break his heart?

This man has a big worry:

DEAR HENRY: I am a building contractor.

Every day I come back to the house I am building. I find that kids were there. I am afraid it can be dangerous. What do you think?

*No Time For Kids*



**A house under construction is a boy's paradise.**

DEAR NO TIME FOR KIDS: I don't think a building in construction is any danger for a boy, if workers take little care. A house under construction is a boy's paradise. After the house is explored a few times kids will lose interest.

DEAR HENRY: In today's paper I found your answer to a question about youngsters on a building project, and your answer was that a "building in progress is a boys' paradise."

True, it is that.

But what if the youngsters should step on a nail and get blood poisoning? Who would be responsible? Or, if the young fellow climbed on a ladder that would slip and drop him into the basement, two or three storeys down? Who would be responsible?

*Electrical Contractor*

DEAR ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR: Now I know the dangers of a house under construction and I am now saying to boys or girls "you better stay away from a house under construction or you may ruin your own life or the contractor financially."

Still I know there will be boys who will have the urge to explore, just like when my father quits smoking then starts again, although he knows it's dangerous but can't help it.

Some boys will go on and explore the construction even though they know it's dangerous. I might be one of them.

I said I might be one of them. I am not a perfect kid. I don't think there are any.

But sometimes danger is blown out of proportions. Name me some things you do that are not dangerous. Going to sleep is; you might not wake up. Going to school is; I don't have to say why. Watching TV is dangerous for the eyes, so is a nagging mom for the ears!

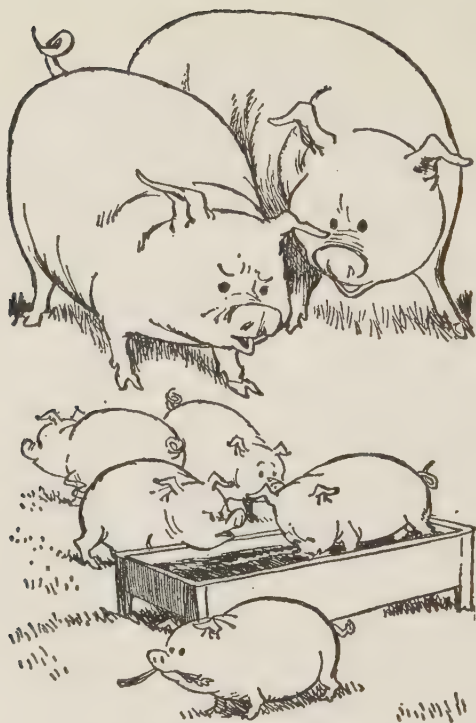
### 3.

## Junior, Eat Your Spinach

Once upon a time there lived a mother pig, father pig, and a grandfather pig. The pigs were very happy living on Farmer Brown's farm. The only thing that troubled their pigish minds were their extraordinary five little piglets. Each one had a different eating habit.

The first pig's name was Messy, and his name describes him. He was a very, very messy eater. The second pig's name was Ham. He would only eat certain things, like the ripest apples and the dirtiest hay. Sossage, the third pig would not eat her meals, she would only eat snacks between meals. Junior was the fourth pig's name, but this pig was too playful to eat his meals. He was very busy playing pigsbball and hide and seek. He hurried through his meals, so he could go out to play. The last pig's name was Porkfull. He was a very small pig, because he wouldn't eat anything, unless his mother paid him money to eat his food.

The mother and father pigs had a hard time with their variety of piglets. "Messy, you eat like a pig," said Mrs. Swine. "Please, Porkfull, I will give you ten cents if you will eat this plate of chopped boiled gush." "O.K. Mom, but pay me first, I will eat later." And so it went on. Mother pig was



“Messy, you eat like a pig.”

getting a big pig-type breakdown. But what could save Mrs. Swine?

Night came and at twelve o'clock, Mrs. Swine's fairy god-pig came to help Mrs. Swine with a solution. Write to “Ask Henry” in care of the Pigsville Swine Times, said the fairy godmother, and then she got her replies and they lived happily ever after.

Parents have the same troubles with their children. Here are some examples:

DEAR HENRY: My little girl does not want to eat her meals.



What should I do? I would thank you if you could tell me what to do.

*Worried Father*

DEAR WORRIED FATHER: Give your girl meagre meals. If hungry give her a little more food. If still hungry give her a little more.

I hope my advice worked or she will be so skinny we could pick her up to sweep the floor.

DEAR HENRY: We have three pre-school children. They are usually playing happily outdoors and when it is time for meals I have a hard time to collect them and make them eat together at the table. They troop in then an hour or two later half starved, which upsets my schedule and gives me more work. Have you any idea of a quick way to round them up?

*Collecting*

DEAR COLLECTING: I was going to suggest not to give any meals when your kids come late, but since mothers are usually "softies" and do not carry out threats, here is another advice.

Buy a cow bell and ring it before each meal. Tell your children that the first one in will get an extra helping of dessert. If they complain about not hearing the bell, buy a siren.

But here is a lady who objects to sirens and bells ringing all over the neighbourhood:

DEAR HENRY: I just loved your answer to the woman whose kids wouldn't come when called: "Get a cow bell."

Well, my neighbours (grand-parents, parents, kids) have a cow bell. They rang it last year from dawn to dusk—all day, every day.

Finally the big kid was clanging away with the little kid in plain view ignoring it, so I said, "I didn't know . . . was deaf."

Now the kids ring two or three clangs only.

Now better give some more advice before I lose my hearing.

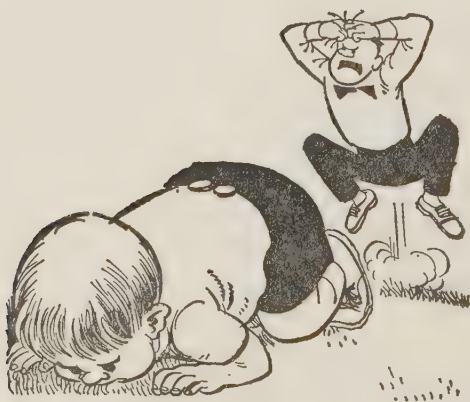
*E. S.*

I am not changing my answer and I hope Mrs. E. S. doesn't go deaf.

Our choosy eaters only like what their body needs and calls for . . . pop, potato chips, doughnuts, ice cream and candy. But some choosy eaters don't even eat that. I understand that someone has to explore new foods and to invent new delicacies for them. I will show you what I mean:

DEAR HENRY: I have two "prides-and-joys." My problem is that one of them eats the other one. To explain, they are my lawn and my son. He has the silly habit of literally eating my lawn. He actually gets down on all fours and tears the lawn out with his teeth. I have tried everything and yet every day I come home to find the lawn torn to shreds. I have caught him doing this many times so I know it isn't some animal in the neighbourhood.

*Aggravated Father*



**My son eats my lawn.**

DEAR AGGRAVATED FATHER: Only cows and some other animals eat grass. Does your cow supply milk? Sell him to a dairy.

How now brown cow!

DEAR HENRY: Will you please advise me on how to stop my four-year-old boy from eating ants?

*Puzzled*

DEAR PUZZLED: Oh, that mean thing is eating all the lovely ants! Serve him some catsup and vegetables with them.

The reason I gave such a stupid answer to the ant eater and lawn mower is that people don't eat ants and grass unless they have to. Therefore I don't think these two questions were serious, so neither were my answers. To dopey questions I give dopey answers.

But here are serious ones:

DEAR HENRY: Will you please advise me on how to get my eight- and seven-year-old boys to eat their vegetables?

*Anxious*

DEAR ANXIOUS: Don't worry, when I was younger I didn't like vegetables either, now I like them all except spinach. Your boys will change their minds.

Some kids don't put their mind to eating:

DEAR HENRY: My eight-year-old is hungry for her food but doesn't concentrate on eating, so always has to be told to HURRY UP. What can I do?

*Exasperated Mother*

DEAR EXASPERATED:

1. Usually hunger overcomes any other interests.
2. Maybe you put too much grub on your girl's plate and she loses her appetite.
3. Do not rush her.



**Hunger overcomes any other interest.**

Now for our pigs:

DEAR HENRY: What could you do if every time you drink up the rest of your soup from your soup bowl, your mother bowls you up? What would you do?

*Bowled*

DEAR BOWLED: I'd put down the soup bowl, then I'd say, "Excuse me, I will not do it again."

You should teach a messy eater manners, and the sooner the better. If he is elected a President and doesn't know his table manners, it will prove quite embarrassing. But that isn't the only reason you should know table manners:

DEAR HENRY: Our boy age six and a half is an awful messy eater. He can manage a spoon, fork and knife fine but also picks up the food with his fingers. He rolls his bread into little balls, chops up celery into bits on the table and though I provide an apron he gets spaghetti on the walls. What can I do?

*Discouraged Mom*

DEAR DISCOURAGED MOM:

1. Make him eat with fork and spoon and knife.
2. Provide a plastic tablecloth which can stand a beating.
3. Tell him to pretend that he is eating with the Queen and that he should be neat.

Oh yes, if you are American, you can change it to "Tell him to pretend he is eating with *Mme. Kennedy*."

Here are the raiders:

DEAR HENRY: My son Jeffrey is 12 and in grade seven. Every day after school he comes home hungry, sneaks into the kitchen, cuts a chunk of salami and goes to his room to do homework. Before you can say "The salami has shrunk" he is back for more. Have you any advice?

*The Mystery of the Shrunken Salami*

DEAR SALAMI: I am your man. I like salami too. If I were your boy, I would like my mother to prepare a big snack of bread with salami and milk when I come home. Don't worry, he will be hungry for supper after his back-breaking homework. Follow that salami down to the last bite.

Our school is three-fourths of a mile away from the house and older pupils aren't allowed to take the bus. This means walking unless I can hitch a ride with the teacher. Walking is hard, especially in winter, and when I come home from a hard day at school, I don't expect someone with my slippers and newspaper, but I would like to see a little snack. A few sandwiches and cookies with milk before I go to my room to do homework. When I am not welcomed with food I am forced to raid the frigidaire. So I understand the salami boy. If mothers don't want half the salami missing, they better welcome us not with empty hands.

And speaking of raiding, listen to this:

DEAR HENRY: How can we stop our three children from raiding the cupboards in the morning? They are a boy aged five and twin girls three and a half years.

They get up early and take all kinds of food—raw oatmeal, fruit, bread, raisins, nuts, etc., into their room. They seldom eat the food, but play with it, making a mess of their beds and floor.

We have punished them in many ways but nothing has worked. What do you suggest we do? Wait for them to outgrow this expensive and annoying trait while the food bills keep growing?

They have a brother who is nearly two years old, and if this keeps up he'll soon be there with them.

*Mrs. I. M.*

DEAR MRS. I. M.: Your punishments must have stopped at the surface skin. You need punishments that go to the heart. Here are some fatal punishments: No TV and no dessert on raiding days. They are so fatal that they go straight to the heart. Or try good old fashioned spanking. It may not reach the heart but it will sure reach another place.

These kids are just wasting food and making a mess, but I guess they probably like searching for the crumbs that go down their pajama shirts.

I got all kinds of letters commenting on this reply. Here is one:

DEAR HENRY: About Mrs. I. M., and her problem of children, aged five, three and a half, and a two-year-old ready to go, making early morning raids on the refrigerator.

Oh, brother, did you ever give her the wrong advice!

At those tender years it wouldn't be punishment to deprive them of TV watching; forcing them to look at it, would be.



Tell that stupid mama to get out of bed and feed those poor starving tots!

*E. W. L.*

Brother! Why don't you read the question again? . . . Why get up when the poor starving tots aren't hungry? Read before you act.

## 4.

# Reaching for the Switch

Me and my father made a treaty that only took ten minutes to agree on, not ten years like the guys at Geneva. My father promised not to use any atomic explosives on me, such as the baseball bat and the switch. In turn, I promised not to give him a reason for using them.

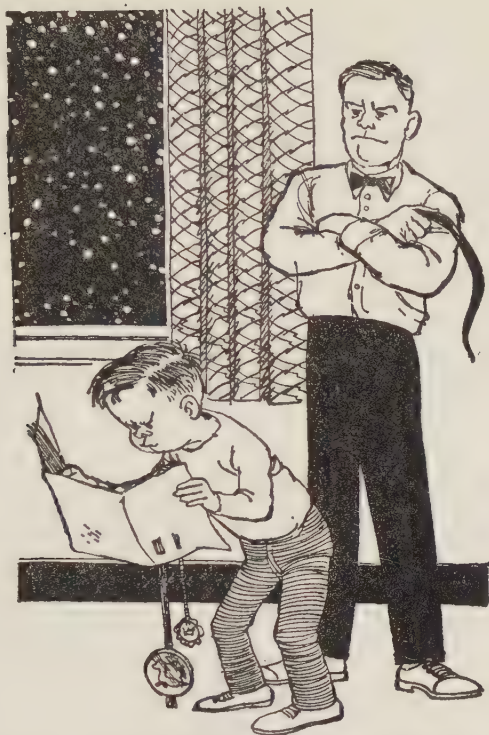
After getting spanked, the child usually thinks that his parent doesn't love him, that he is adopted, etc. I once even got my father to show me my birth certificate.

I wonder why girls never get spanked so much, at least it doesn't seem so. Girls never get into trouble. I think they get more rights than boys. It is never my sister's fault. It's always me or my brother. Parents like girls better; I can't see how they could like such big sissies.

Kids have tactics to make the spank much lesser. One is to run to the bed and pull up the cover and stick up a hand. When the tyrant comes rushing in, he sees something sticking out and he thinks it's the body and starts wacking.

From under the cover comes a fake sound like crying. When the tyrant thinks he has done enough harm, he leaves the room. The kid gets up smiling, unharmed and uncured!

Now it's time for getting a little serious. Spanking is thought by parents as the cure to bad behaviour. That's not



**I once even got my father to show me my birth certificate.**

true. Throughout history people like Napoleon used force to conquer other people, but these people were not conquered, only subdued.

It's the same with kids. Force only fixes them physically, but the source of the trouble is in the mind and not in the body. And spanking doesn't even come close to the mind. The only road to the mind is the road of love and praise.

I want to set my policy straight. My advice is that kids under ten should only get spanked if they do something really bad and kids over ten should only get spanked if they do something really, really bad.

You can't reason with a little kid so spanking gives quick results. But if you hit the big kid all he wants to do is to get back at you and doesn't think about why he got spanked.

DEAR HENRY: When I spank my 13-year-old son, I spank him on the bare bottom. He has complained bitterly about bare spanking. What do you think?

*Can't Sit Down*

DEAR CAN'T SIT DOWN: I don't think kids ten years or older should be spanked at all unless they did something really bad. When a kid gets strapped he thinks about revenge, but when you put him to his room it gives a chance to cool off and think it over.

Here is a letter from a hoarse person:

DEAR HENRY: Whenever my son is bad I yell at him. Today he yelled back. I licked him. He said he wouldn't have yelled if I hadn't done it first. What do you think about that?

*Angry Parent*

DEAR ANGRY PARENT: Hold your temper. When your child is bad, you yell at him, he yells back. Don't waste your breath, give him a punishment or if he is guilty enough, yell with your strap.

I'll bet there is plenty of conflict in that family. Most parents take the wrong type of action when a kid blows his top. They should act quiet and calm, collected and reserved. When the child yells, you just put him in his room to cool off. Open the window to let the steam out.

I got this letter from a lady who has some sore kids and doesn't approve of my advice.

DEAR HENRY: As a mother of a son 13, and a daughter 11, I was interested in the letter from "Can't Sit Down." Your suggestion that he be confined in his room is no punishment, per-

haps with a transistor radio or a comic book to keep him company. I've found with my two that when they are naughty, nothing brings results like a firm application of my hairbrush on the bare bottom. Seldom if ever does a paddling at our house have to be repeated and my two are not resentful about a deserved penalty.

*Another Spanking Mom*

DEAR ANOTHER SPANKING MOM: Your children are now 13 and 11. You had your easy way out. I think that from now on you will have to use your head rather than your hand. When an older kid is spanked, so much pride is hurt that it burns up inside and he could knock the whole house down.

And if they get any bigger they will.

Here is a very, very good reason why you shouldn't spank kids:

DEAR HENRY: My boy of five when he gets in bad temper he grabs the first best thing and throws it around. It is hard to stop him and it takes a while until he is back to normal. Do you think I should spank him hard?

*Mrs. S. R.*



**My five-year-old throws things around.**

DEAR MRS. S. R.: Don't spank your boy when he loses his temper. There are two things to do: 1) Don't give the boy reason to lose temper; 2) Get life insurance.

This kid can't control himself. He fights, throws things and yells. One day he will find himself in padded cells! A child who loses his temper is not adjusted. At school we did clay modelling and we made all sorts of things. If something didn't look right we had to smooth it out. To smooth this kid out use: G & F which means, gentle but firm.

There are many spanking moms, and here is another one:

DEAR HENRY: We have three children and for the purpose of discipline I carry a yardstick around when they are bad. The only thing is, they keep hiding it. What should I do?

*Yardstickless Mom*

DEAR YARDSTICKLESS: Stay Yardstickless. When your children are bad get your hand out and make it do its job. They can't hide your hand.

Except without her yardstick she is like Roy Rogers with no gun.

I like to see letters like this one. This was the first letter I got from a parent who is consulting the child before giving the firm application:

DEAR HENRY: There is so much argument among parents about spanking that I would like to know how present-day kids feel about being spanked. I do not mean hard whippings but just paddling across the parent's lap and such. Do they resent this form of punishment when they misbehave?

*Parent*

DEAR PARENT: Children resent any form of spanking. I didn't exactly love being spanked. I resented it for a little while when I thought I was guilty, and much longer when I was not guilty.



If you can't reason with a little kid, spanking is good. For old children another punishment is better.

What a kid hates most is when a parent gets angry, doesn't ask questions, just rushes in, hits, then finds out you are innocent and says a little "Sorry"! Kids hate these "Hit first, ask later" parents.

Here is a letter from a cute little girl who has some big bad parents who are always spanking her.

DEAR HENRY: I am six years old. My mother is very nice but when it comes to spanking oh! oh! I am the one who gets hit. I love her but why is she this way?

*Rebecca*

DEAR REBECCA: I don't think parents are quite bad enough to hit their child without a reason. Try not to give your mom a reason.

Sometimes when you do get walloped, you get so mad and say things which get you another wallop. When you are in temper your tongue speaks without consulting the brain and the sensory nerves who have a bad time. I would forgive the kid because after the temper is over the kid lets his head work and regrets letting his tongue talk and wishes his tongue was tied. This is a good example:

DEAR HENRY: My 15-year-old called me "idiot" today. I raised him strictly and this is the first time he said such a thing. Should I react and how?

*Strucken*

DEAR STRUCKEN: Let him go this time because he was in temper, but next time give him a wallop. Children can't call their parents names.

A mad mom writes me who has a mad boy who lives in a mad house (it runs in the family).

DEAR HENRY: My son Jim doesn't obey me. He gets mad and loses his temper. Should I hit him or try to understand him?

*A Mother Who Gets Mad*



**Loses his temper.**

DEAR MOTHER WHO GETS MAD: You get mad and Jim gets mad (a mad house). Make a compromise. You try to understand Jim half way and in exchange Jim understands you half way, and hope you meet in the middle.

There is a new invention: It's called a compromise. It does everyone good, from children to nations, except no one ever uses it.

This letter is from Tommy who doesn't like the idea of televised spanking. He could open up a business and sell tickets.

DEAR HENRY: I am 12 and whenever Dad spansks me he takes me out to the garage. He shuts the door but there is a window and a lot of younger kids in the neighborhood look in the window. Dad chases them but they come back and he gives up. This is embarrassing 'cause Dad takes my pants down when he spansks me. How can I get him to buy a shade or to spank me in the house?

*Tommy*

DEAR TOMMY: There are three things you could do:

1. Save up for a shade yourself.
2. Make it so that your father will have no reason to spank you.
3. Run while your father is out chasing the kids.

This is one of the most interesting letters I got:

DEAR HENRY: I am a 13-year-old girl in grade eight. My dad is the grade eight teacher and believes in discipline. He still spansks me like a little kid for such things as going out when Mom and Dad say no, or for swearing. I know it is wrong but is it necessary to be spanked?

*Just Wondering*

DEAR WONDERING: Older kids shouldn't be spanked unless absolutely necessary. In your case you know perfectly well that you have done wrong and you keep doing it. So in your case I would say spanking is absolutely necessary.

If that doesn't sound very interesting, I will tell you why I said it was. You notice how cold my answer was. It was because at the end of her letter she wrote:

P.S. No smart Alex answers. I'm not wasting a 5¢ stamp for nothing.

## 5.

# Crime and Punishment

DEAR HENRY: My son was playing soldiers and couldn't find a sword, so he sawed off the end of one of my golf clubs and used the club for a sword. What punishment should I give him? The hair-brush? Strap or whip?

*Golf-Less Dad*

This father is a little overanxious I think. Sawing off a golf club isn't such a terrible thing. The kid should get a punishment that is just big enough to make him not want to do it again. Most kids have done this type of mischief for their entertainment. Promise to double the punishment if the kid does it again.

Doorbell-ringing is another form of light mischief. Once Jack and Michael were being chased by a bully. He was about 35 yards behind so they rang the doorbell, kept running and hid in the bush. The bully stopped to rest right in front of that door. A lady came out and asked what he wanted and . . . he got heck. (That really happened but I changed the names to protect the innocent.)

"I sentence you to two hours in your room," said Judge Papa. "For committing 1st degree mischief." Jeff slowly went to his room accompanied by Police Officer Papa. Jeff picked up a comic and started reading. The storekeeper had com-

plained that Jeff attempted to steal a chocolate bar and was caught. Jeff felt sorry for himself and his father was very cross. A boy will steal a chocolate bar, not for the bar, but to see if he can steal it. Make sure your kid doesn't.

Some kids who are on the path to become hoodlums steal some real expensive stuff. These kids are digging a hole a mile deep and are jumping into it. Not many will climb out.

Mischief is done by kids who have lots of energy and no place to let it out. Let them get rid of it at the Y.

Kids who do mischief haven't got a pattern. By pattern I mean a hobby to do or a book to read. With no pattern to follow in life the kid is open to mischief.

Two boys threw a bunch of burrs into a girl's hair. The girl told her mother who bawled them out real bad and then phoned up their parents. When the boys got home, they got strapped, couldn't watch TV, lost their dessert and had to go to bed early. It proves more profitable not to do mischief in any case.

In what age group is mischief most heavy? Maybe the graph will explain:



Looks like if you have an eight-year-old, you better tie him up for one year.

Mischief comes from play and having fun, when the kid forgets to take care of other people's property. You will notice that the mischief crime rate is greatest in summer holidays when kids have more time to think up some special things to do. Parents should keep kids busy so they don't get in trouble.

Sometimes mischief can be funny:

DEAR HENRY: A neighbor's children were preparing for a party and wanted to blow up a lot of balloons. They hit upon the idea of using the air in my car tires instead of lung power.

Should I be cross about it?

*Grrrrrrr-!*



**A neighbor's children preparing for a party.**

DEAR GRRRRRR-! If I was among the boys who mistook your tires as an air pump, I'd hope you wouldn't take action. Don't be grouchy, just tell them that the next time you'll make them blow up the tires with their lungs.

And here is a budding gas station man:

DEAR HENRY: When at play, my son likes to pretend he is a teacher, storekeeper or gas station operator, etc. I was greatly concerned when his realistic efforts as a gas station operator



prompted him to fill my gas tank from the garden hose. Can you suggest some safe occupation for him to play without expense to me?

*Waterlogged*

DEAR WATERLOGGED: Explain to your boy that if he fills up the tank with water the car won't move. Tell him that if he is still in the gas station mood he can wash the car.

If the gas station boy is still in the mood after washing the car, he can check the oil and fill the tires.

Here is a question about bruised fingers in the family:

DEAR HENRY: My 8-year-old son set a mouse trap and put it in his trouser pocket before he went to bed. It almost broke my finger. Why do you suppose he did that?

*Bruised Papa*



**Mouse-trap to catch Dad.**

DEAR BRUISED PAPA: Your son set the mouse trap to bruise a Papa who shouldn't be nosing around his son's pocket.

This kid likes seeing flying saucers:

DEAR HENRY: My boy, Gregory, who is six, often takes my expensive china cups and saucers, breaks them behind my back and blames it on the cat. What should I do with him, because

when I try to teach him it's wrong he starts to cry and my heart softens?

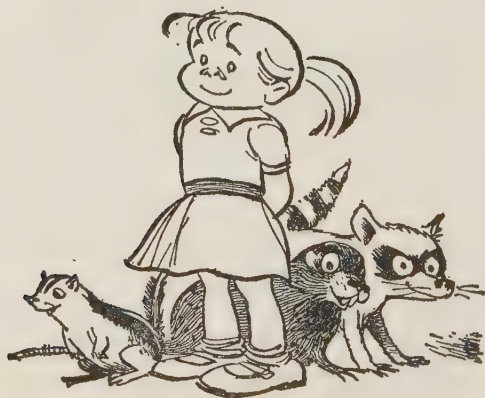
*China Puzzled*

DEAR CHINA PUZZLED: Don't worry, he will grow out of it. Maybe the cat did do it.

But when you don't have pets to blame it on, you have to resort to making pets. These pets are different, you don't ever see them but the inventor sees them whenever he is in trouble. Her fairy godmother?

DEAR HENRY: I am not a parent, but I am very fond of children. A five-year-old girl, named Nancy, whom I know, is generally very good. But when she is bad, she is very, very bad. Since she lives in a New York apartment, she has very few playmates. She has invented some little friends. Their names are Mickey, Rickey and Dickey. Generally she describes them as muskrats, but sometimes they are chipmunks and sometimes they are raccoons. When Nancy commits any sort of mischief she blames it on those naughty muskrats-chipmunks-raccoons. Nancy's mother (who is a widow) wonders what she should do. So do I. What do you think?

*Bachelor Who Likes Nance and Mrs. Nancy*



Nancy's friends.

DEAR BACHELOR: Nancy will grow out of it. I can't figure out a better answer and it is all Mickey's, Rickey's and Dickey's fault.

This girl and I don't just blame it on one cat but on three things so they can share the weight of guilt evenly between them. This is nothing new. Countries blame things on other countries; people blame on other people or on weather and children blame things on other children. When no kids are around they blame their cats.

Some kids think they are always in the right:

DEAR HENRY: Today my mom spanked me for nothing. Is that fair?

*Sore*

DEAR SORE: It depends how much nothing you did.

I sometimes fight when I think I'm in the right. Me and my literature teacher got into a big argument over how the word "jousting" should be pronounced. I said "jowsting" and the teacher said "joosting." The class was on my side. When we looked it up in the dictionary one dictionary said one way and the other the other way. I wish they would make up their mind.

DEAR HENRY: There are some kids in our neighborhood who are always ringing at our door and then running and hiding. I can never catch them and it's quite annoying. What is your advice?

*Nerve Racked*

DEAR NERVE RACKED: Kids don't ring bells to exercise their thumbs, you know. They want you to come to the door and run after them or to come to the door, give a confused expression and scratch your head. Don't fall for it and one day their fingers won't be the only thing sore from ringing door bells. Someone will catch up with them.

It may be lots of fun to see the expression on the victim's face after coming to the door and in finding no one. But this is disturbing to a person's peace. I'd hate to be the thug that would bother someone lying in the bathtub.

DEAR HENRY: I have a ten-year-old son. I gave him a Meccano set for his birthday. He enjoys it very much but a little while ago he started to build a miniature guillotine and used it to execute grasshoppers. I think this is cruel, but it would also be cruel to take the set away. What should I do?

*A Worried Father*

DEAR WORRIED FATHER: Tell your boy that guillotines are old fashioned. This is a modern age. Buy your boy a gas spray bomb and let him execute mosquitoes and flies. Grasshoppers are too nice to die. Teach him to make other things with his Meccano.

This kid probably just finished reading *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Here is a mischief flash. My brother just ran into the room crying. He had a string of chewing gum stuck to his neck. I asked what happened. He said, almost crying, "I tried to make a necklace."

DEAR HENRY: My boy of eight likes to have money in his pockets at all times. When he spends it he is nagging us for more. Last week he emptied his seven-year-old brother's piggy bank without his knowledge. I think this is a serious offense. What should I do to prevent such things from happening?

*Robbed Piggy Bank*

DEAR ROBBED PIGGY BANK: Don't let your boy have any extra money other than his allowance. If your boy wants more money let him earn it. If he wants to play bank robber make him pay back the taken money from his allowance plus 20 per cent interest.

He wants pocket money? Let him earn it. The little jobs lead to big jobs. Now he is robbing 20 cents at eight. Each year he will improve by 20 cents and by the time he is 21 he will be showing a real improvement. Don't let your kid get away with little jobs, then he won't try the big ones.

## 6.

# Days to Look Forward To

June 29th at noon is when we get out of school for the summer holidays. "Let's get out of the school grounds before the school board changes their mind," said I to a friend. The school year had been a happy one. Everyone in our grade passed even though everyone was glad school was over. We hurried home to find our parents who were busy getting ready for the summer holidays. Our family was going camping. Peter was going to camp. Fred was staying home for the first two weeks of the holidays. After a lot of hazzle-dazzle,\* we managed to pack all our camping equipment into the car. Just as we were ready to go I saw Jim walking up the road with his head down. I ran over to ask him what his school marks were. There is much competition about marks among kids. When I went over to ask him what the matter was, I saw that he was crying and he didn't answer me. I asked him again but he still didn't answer me. By this time I knew that he had failed. Really I knew in the beginning that he had failed, but by asking him I would rub it in that it was my victory over him in the mark competition. It was mean of me. His mom will probably make him work all summer. He won't have such a happy holiday.

\* Confusion.



Timidty Tobetsy has passed and is going to have a happy summer. But he is afraid the boys will tease him at camp:

DEAR HENRY: My nine-year-old John is very shy. I would like him to go to the YMCA camp for two weeks. However John doesn't want to go; he says he cannot do many things other boys do. For example, he cannot swim. How could I encourage him to go to the camp?

*Mrs. A. B.*



**Encourage them to go to camp.**

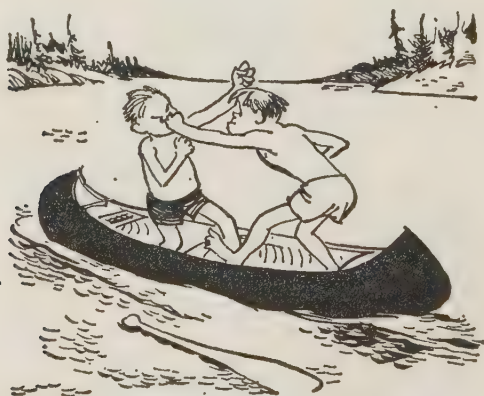
DEAR MRS. A.B.: Tell your boy not to be ashamed, he can always learn things he doesn't know. He'd better face reality now than when he is older. Insist greatly on your boy going to the Y camp. I went there and it did me a lot of good.

Timidthy Tobetsy will probably end up teaching other kids to swim. A camp is a good thing for a kid. At the camp he is on his own, he must use his own head. He must figure out what he is going to wear. No Mommies to follow him around; there you've got to be independent. It's a good practice for later life. You've got to be at dinner on time or you don't get any.

Some people go off to a vacation spot, they play around in a canoe in deep water and they never come back home. (I won't go into the details.)

DEAR HENRY: We have a canoe and we promised our children, ten and 12, to let them use it. They have life belts and swim well, but just the same I am always very restless because they occasionally get into a fight on the canoe. Should I let them use the canoe?

*Restless Mother*



**Fight in the canoe.**

DEAR RESTLESS MOTHER: Yes. But first let them have a fight in the canoe and practice falling out and tipping the canoe over in shallow water. Then do the same thing in deep water with an adult swimmer around. I am sure they will enjoy the training period.

WE DO NOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY IF THE ADVICE IS WRONG.

Kids should be allowed to go in a canoe by themselves because it gives you a feeling of importance and you see that your parents trust you. But be careful.

This kid will slave all vacation and then spend it on a banana split:

DEAR HENRY: Our 16-year-old got himself a job for the summer months, \$36 a week. He doesn't think he should give any money to his father; he says he is saving it up for school books. The first week he had \$6 to spend, the second \$8 from his pay. As this is only his second pay I don't know if this will last until his next pay. A word to him please, Henry, as he gets so cross with us.

*Working Mom and Dad*

DEAR 16-YEAR-OLD: I am also saving for education. All I bought with my money so far is some gum, three turtles and a water pistol. I take pleasure in watching my bank account grow fatter. Don't let yours shrink.



**I put all my money in the bank.**

So far he has been spending \$2 more each week. Lucky there are only nine weeks in the summer holidays, or this kid would be giving out more than taking in. All the money I have right now is only \$1.35. That's what I consider my money. The meat is in the bank where a butcher, a burglar or Henry can't touch it. I got it by keeping the change. As time goes on it adds up.

Trips are lots of great fun but there is just one catch, getting there:

DEAR HENRY: When we go for a drive in our car, our two young children are nice and quiet in the back seat. But after a while they get restless and start to fight and I cannot concentrate on my driving nor can my wife seem to amuse them. Have you any suggestions how we can entertain them and keep them reasonably quiet?

*Distressed Father*

DEAR DISTRESSED: I often fight with my sister in the car. But now we have made a game play. I choose three gas station names and my sister chooses three. The person who sees most of his gas stations wins. We are so busy, we can't take our eyes off the road. If your children are under seven tell them to look for cars which don't have drivers.

I think these little kids will get pretty discouraged after the game ends up in a 0-0 tie. I guess we better let them look for parked cars without drivers.

Two weeks before the start of the school year we can't wait till it starts. We want to see our friends and our new teacher and we are tired of vacation. When the school starts me and my sister or my sister and I get to school very early to get a good seat in the classroom.

"Not satisfied" is trying to blow down a brick wall:

DEAR HENRY: My birthday was on December 23. I never get any birthday presents because I get Christmas gifts. What can I do to get around this problem next year?

*Not Satisfied*

DEAR NOT SATISFIED: What do you want to do? Get born again? Think of the children born February 29 in leap year—they have a birthday only once every four years. Happy birthday!

Some kids get born on April Fools Day. They blow their top when they find out that the birthday cake is hollow and everyone yells "April Fool!" Some kids are born on January 1st and instead of a birthday party they get a TV supper cause the parents have to rush off to a social gathering.

You are not going to get birthday parties for ever.

DEAR HENRY: I am 11. Am I too old to have a birthday party? My mother and father say I am too old.

*Jimmy*

DEAR JIMMY: If you want a birthday party, you are not too old.

That's what this chapter would have sounded like if there wasn't such a thing as Christmas. I got to answer some Christmas problems. They were all alike. The usual kind of stuff. Hunting for the price tags and looking up catalogues, to see how much you gained on the gifts you received and gave. Or letters from innocent little tots confused about Santa Claus.

Disappointed is disappointed about disappointing kids:

DEAR HENRY: I am disappointed with children. Christmas is coming and my two kids are only interested in toys and Santa



Claus. They don't know a thing of what Christmas really represents.

*Disappointed*

DEAR DISAPPOINTED: Have you ever told your kids they are too busy thinking of toys to remember that there are two sides to Christmas—the real reason we have Christmas and the toys? Tell your kids that there wouldn't be toys and wouldn't be a lot of things if there wasn't the first reason. Tell your kids the first reason.

Santa thinks that when a kid is five you should start teaching why he is here and gives toys (Ho-Ho-Ho) to the little tots (only good ones).

Mr. R.S. has the wrong attitude about it:

DEAR HENRY: I don't think that children should be fooled about Santa Claus any longer. Consider the fact that when the child discovers that Santa Claus is only a man of fiction his sorrows and disappointments will be great indeed. Do you not agree?

*Mr. R.S.*

DEAR MR. R.S.: I don't think so. Think of all the fun we get from Santa Claus and candy and toys. By the time a kid catches his dad in a Santa Claus suit, he will be able to take the disappointment and sorrow.

(Ho-Ho-Ho.) Who said I am a man of fiction? (Ho-Ho.) I won't send Mr. R.S. that football he asked for. (Ho-Ho.)

DEAR HENRY: What do you think a girl of seven and a boy of 12, like yourself, would like to get for Christmas in this rich modern age?

*Budget*

DEAR BUDGET: I'm sure that children in this rich, modern age will be happy with anything Santa Claus can afford because they won't get anything Santa Claus can't afford. The gift your



children will like best should stay around with them for a while and at the same time should teach them something.

Santa looks like he wants to say something important. "Ho-ho, once a year why not forget about the budget, Ho-ho, and really splash? Ho-ho. It's only once a year and poor Santa DOES run, Ho-ho, a non-profit organization."

This is a letter I read out on the CBS TV program "I've Got a Secret."

DEAR HENRY: My mother and father knew I wanted a colt for Christmas. They only cost \$75. Other people have permits to keep their horses in the city. I wanted it very much but I didn't get it.

*Still Wanting*

DEAR STILL WANTING: The pony "only" cost \$75, the permit may be \$20, the feed \$100 for the first while, the stable \$100 and then the playgrounds for the pony. These are a few reasons why you didn't get your pony. What do you want next year? A Boeing 707?

The only reason I went to that program was to get Garry Moore's autograph. I don't like missing school 'cause then I have to miss the recesses. I also get sick in a plane. "No thanks, Santa, I know your reindeers and sleigh are the best in the world (the only flying ones) but I will take the plane next time I go somewhere."

Santa, how do you get down a chimney when you are so fat?

DEAR HENRY: My six-year-old is starting getting technical about Santa Claus. He wants to know how Santa Claus can travel all around the world in one night, how come that his whiskers are still white after going through the chimneys and

how he is getting through them being so fat. What should I say?

*In Trouble with Santa Claus*



**How Santa Claus goes into a chimney.**

DEAR IN TROUBLE: If your kid is bright enough to ask these questions he is bright enough to know the truth. Tell him the truth.

This kid wants the facts about Santa Claus and now he has got his parent's tongue tied in a knot:

DEAR HENRY: The other day I took my three-year-old boy shopping with me, as I had nowhere to leave him. He noticed two Santa Clauses talking to each other in a department store. He has been questioning me about it ever since. What should I say?

*Double Trouble*

DEAR TROUBLE: Tell your boy that wherever there are lots of toys in one spot, like in a department store, there is a Santa Claus helper, who supervises them. He sees to it that the toys go to the right children. All your little boy has seen were two of Santa Claus' helpers talking about a certain little boy or girl, maybe him.

Parents need a lot of imagination at Christmas time because they've got to outthink, outact, outspeak and outdraw a quick-draw youngster. Yes, Santa? "I'll have to warn my helpers not to be seen together except at union meetings. Well, Henry, I've got to go, Ho-Ho, because I parked my reindeers and, Ho-Ho, the meter's time is almost finished and so is mine. Ho-Ho, Ho-Ho!"

## 7.

# The Duty and Then the Privilege

Why don't kids do the few duties which parents expect from them? Some kids are too playful to do them and like to play all the time. Laziness is a terrible condition and no matter how much you praise, the kid is still lazy in his head. It would help if you would put a red mark on the lazy kid's rump. Sometimes a child is discouraged and feels that his efforts are not appreciated and it is not worth doing anything. Praise is very important here.

Nag, nag, nag, do this, do that. Poor Cinderella, her mother and father are always nagging her to do everything. This isn't right, nagging isn't good. A child doesn't like to be told to do a thing. It is more fun to do things without being told to, and then surprise the unsuspecting parent.

If parents have more than one child they could hold a competition. The more a child helps the more stars he gets. The one with most stars gets the first prize and second the small prize.

Kids should be given privileges like going to a movie by themselves. A child who can't find his way out of his mother's apron won't be able to find his way through life.

I am for allowances although I never got any:

DEAR HENRY: Do you believe in allowances?

*Mrs. B.*

DEAR MRS. B.: Yes I do. Children learn from money. How to spend it wisely, when to save it up, a chance to buy mom a gift. Money forms a child's brain. Money also forms the stomach.

My father thinks kids shouldn't get a "pension," in his words. He believes that kids should work for their pocket money. That's why I was looking for a job to save for my education and got to be a columnist. My father and mother made it pretty easy for us kids to earn a little money around the house. But we must really earn it. Therefore money has more value to us than if we had got it free.

Handling money makes a child aware of decisions which he will have to make later in life. Should I buy a chocolate, or a bubble gum? As soon as some kids get some money they rush out to spend it. I guess they are too impatient. Others save it. Kids like to see lots of money all in one place, especially if it's theirs.

The unexpected. Terror, terror. When your kid does something especially well and you are sure he doesn't expect any reward and he feels what he did was his duty, you could strike the Unexpected. Give your child a reward of another hour of TV or money for a show. Only strike the unexpected about two times a year or your kid will expect the unexpected every time he does up his shoe laces.

When a parent does this small favor a kid feels a happy surprise, a funny feeling which does a lot. Listen, fathers and mothers, start donating a small favor for a happy and more cooperative kid.

When I first got my column, my mother wrote me a letter:

DEAR HENRY: I have two children at the age when they should make their beds in the morning.

They do it only when I police them. How can I make them make a habit of making their beds?

*Unwilling Police*

DEAR OFFICER: QUIT THE POLICE FORCE!

Mom changed the details so I wouldn't recognize it but I found out through my sister and gave a suitable answer. You see, I've got connections in our family.

DEAR HENRY: My son, age 11, says one bath a week is sufficient. How many baths do you have per week?



**One bath a week.**

I think that two baths a week is enough. To kids a bath is only a big bother. They say you are cleaner, but kids hardly ever look at themselves. I guess parents want a clean kid 'cause they have to look at us and in my parents' words: "If a child looks clean and neat it reflects on the parent." Of course my parents are probably thinking of the opposite!

Speaking of washrooms, my brother, five, after much ex-



perimentation, has come up with a new way to measure distance. He figures that it takes six toilet paper rolls to Johnny's place and 13 rolls to the store. So I figured that from from New York to Vancouver it's about 150,000 rolls. I didn't check. I can just see it now: this method will take over the mile system.

But here is another kid who may be doing similar experiments:

DEAR HENRY: My boy, aged four, goes to the washroom to wash himself before he goes to bed. After he stayed there for one hour he comes out just as dirty as before. What do you advise?

*Wondering*



**Comes out just as dirty as he went in.**

DEAR WONDERING: He is probably playing in the bathroom. Tell your boy that you will not tell him his bedtime story unless he is clean and on time.

Or maybe he is painting the mirror with the toothpaste. What parents should do is to put up "No Loitering" signs in the washroom.

Juvenile kids don't like to brush teeth:

DEAR HENRY: My son will only brush his teeth before going to bed. Do you think this is enough for child's teeth?

*Wondering*

DEAR WONDERING: For the kids brushing once is more than enough, but for their teeth it is not. If kids don't want a dentist's drill rattling their spine they better wash their teeth after every meal.

Making a mess is like going sledding. It is easy to make it, like going down the hill but it is hard cleaning, like going up the hill.

DEAR HENRY: What should I do about my 12-year-old son? He makes a mess at every turn, and is completely careless and untidy. This means a lot of extra work for me.

*Sue*

DEAR SUE: When I make a mess, I'm made to clean it up. MAKE your boy clean up his mess.

DEAR HENRY: I have a ten-year-old boy and I am a working mother. I always ask him to keep the house clean and he always promises me. But when I come home the house is all messy. What should I do?

*Working Mother*

DEAR WORKING MOTHER: Summer is here! Don't give your boy the key, lock him out, and let him play with his friends after school. Send me another letter in the fall.

Competition helps to get kids help around the house.

DEAR HENRY: My husband and I have a 13½-year-old boy. I am the mean old stepmother. I think the boy is old enough now to rake and weed the lawn by himself. My husband thinks one should work by his side, but won't, and I have my household chores to do.

Sometimes when his sister, aged ten, helps him, he quits and runs off to play and is gone for hours. When I ask him to do the dishes, he gets up from the table and runs away and when he comes back his work is done by somebody else.

Rather than fight with him I do them myself. What do you think of all this, Henry?

*Mrs. J.H.*

DEAR MRS. J.H.: Make a chart with duties and days of the month on it, and hang it up. Each kid will compete for marks on duties done. At the end of the month the kid with the most marks will get a prize, for example an all-expense paid trip to their favorite store.

But some parent makes the mistake to pay wages:

DEAR HENRY: We are living with my husband's mother and have four children. When the granny is away they will obey me, but when she is at home they won't do anything unless she promises to give them something in return. The kids also love to torment each other. What should I do?

*Discouraged*

DEAR DISCOURAGED: Make them do their duties and tell grandma not to pay wages. About the fighting, I bet you couldn't find a brother and sister from five to 15 who don't fight.

Drying dishes is a perfect job for a kid, but a kid won't admit it:

DEAR HENRY: I have a boy 12 and a girl ten. I want them to do the dishes because I think it's time my wife and I got a rest. They get the dishes done all right but they always fight. My wife says she would rather we do the dishes ourselves. That's the last thing I want to do, so how can we make those kids do those dishes without fighting?

*Dish-Drying Dad*

DEAR DISH-DRYING DAD: You are right, you didn't raise children to be their servant. I suggest that the boy does the dishes one day and the girl does meanwhile the dining room, cleaning table, and delivering dishes into the dish washing basin. The next day they change duties. Your children wouldn't be children if they didn't get into each other's hair.

DEAR HENRY: I am ten years old. My parents always make me do dishes and clean up the dishes and clean up the kitchen while they just loaf around the house. I dislike this very much and I would like to know what I can do about it.

*Disturbed*

DEAR DISTURBED: You can DO the dishes and kitchen about it. The parent is the boss, I am afraid.

Have you ever heard of a girl who doesn't know how to cook and to sew?

DEAR HENRY: I have a 13-year-old girl. All she wants to do is watch TV or read. She is not interested in sewing, knitting, etc. I told her that this was the age I learned these things. She tells me that I didn't have TV. Should I let her waste her life watching TV or put my foot down and make her do a few things necessary in life?

*Disgusted Mother*

DEAR DISGUSTED MOTHER: Put your foot down. Girls have to learn their trade.

When I was about six, I thought that girls were just for cooking, sewing, keeping house and few other things. Now I think that girls are for cooking, sewing, keeping house and a few *more* things.

But there is also the odd girl who knows how to cook.

DEAR HENRY: I have been teaching my nine-year-old girl to help me in cooking and baking. Now she likes to cook and

bake when I am away. Last time she burned the cake and since then she has lost her enthusiasm for housekeeping. How should I encourage her?

*Worried Mother*

DEAR WORRIED: I don't think a girl should be fooling around with a stove with no supervision. I am sure your girl didn't lose all her enthusiasm with baking and all that stuff. She will recover. If a boy strikes out in baseball he doesn't quit playing.

Should boys, the superior sex, learn to do a girl's job around the house? Many a time my mother goes shopping for an hour and it turns out three hours. I got hungry and learned to cook the fundamentals. It may also come in handy in case you run into one of those girls who didn't learn her trade.

DEAR HENRY: Should boys be allowed to cook? That's the topic of the debate our family is having. Ralph, who is 14, thinks that boys do not need to know how to cook, while Susan and myself think that boys should know as well as girls. Who is right?

*The Chef*

DEAR CHEF: I think both of you are right a bit. Ralph doesn't need to know how to stuff a turkey but he should know the fundamentals of cooking like making soup, bacon and eggs, hot dogs, toast and to top it off with dessert. You can live on that food in case mom is not around.

Here is a letter from a mom who is car sick:

DEAR HENRY: My little boy, five, loves to play with his many cars around the house and keeps busy all the time. After, he never has any energy left to put them away. They are left there for us to enjoy them and we keep tumbling over them. How can he be made to look after his cars?

*Car Sick*

DEAR CAR SICK: Help your boy to build a garage out of cardboard. Tell him he should put the cars into the garage or his cars will get wet if it rains. This way he will take pleasure putting his cars into the garage which would be placed in his room.

This parent is like a farmer who wants a grade "A" egg from a chick.

DEAR HENRY: Whenever my son, 11, helps me around the house, he never does a good job. I told him: "Unless you do it right, don't do it at all." So he doesn't do it at all. How can I get him to work right?

*Angry*

DEAR ANGRY: You are lucky you got him to do something at all. Don't expect him to do a perfect job right away. Don't say these slogans. He can always learn to do it better and you should teach him. Give him more praise and encouragement.

Getting your boy to do something is an accomplishment in itself. Gradually add on the pressure until he carries the full weight. Some people are firm believers in WORK:

DEAR HENRY: I am a firm believer in children helping out with jobs around the house. I was brought up that way but I am not successful with my son who is 11 now. Although he doesn't mind helping he always ends up doing something else. For example I've been taking him out to shovel snow off the driveway, but he turns out making a snowman or just playing. How can I put his mind to work?

*Had Enough*

DEAR HAD ENOUGH:

To make a boy work  
Which he may usually shirk;  
Make it seem like a game,  
My dad does the same.



Let him use the driveway's snow,  
To build a tall fort;  
Then watch him burrow,  
He'll think it great sport.

Kids don't mind running around doing it for neighbors, but when it comes to his own flesh and blood, Oooooooooo, No.

To get a little kid working you have to make a game out of it; to get a big kid working, give him the feeling that he is working for himself or, better, for the family and for himself. One for all and all for one. Now, on to the next subject.

This is a letter from a worried Grandma:

DEAR HENRY: I have noticed that most of the children your age do not help their parents with household and garden chores the way we did when we were young, and my grown sons did when they were lads. Why is this so? Do you think your generation would be happier and better off if they shared home responsibilities?

*Worried Grandma*



**No chores for today's kid.**

DEAR WORRIED GRANDMA: Sorry it took so long to answer your letter but I had a few responsibilities to carry out first. A few responsibilities make a kid feel one of the family. With too many of them the kid might not want to be in the family.

A little more praising and a little less nagging would make it much easier for parents to handle the miniature adults.

Probably it would be better if kids had more duties. It gives them a sense of satisfaction. But when you hit grade seven, it is not the easiest thing to do homework and a dozen and one duties.

This kid is sentimental about the duties he gets.

DEAR HENRY: What is a noble duty? My son told me that he wouldn't mind doing his duties, if they were noble duties? What does that mean?

*Mother of a Lazy Noble*

DEAR NOBLE'S MOTHER: A noble duty is a duty that has responsibility and some sort of sacrifice. You could let your boy join a group which collects money for some good cause, like to help orphan kids or sick or poor kids.

Or he can do something for the community or church he belongs to. A noble duty is to give something away without wanting anything back. Once your boy gets used to this he may also help around the house.

But I think that he probably wanted an easy duty.

This girl makes a profit on a loss:

DEAR HENRY: My girl, who will soon be ten, likes to shop for me. She often loses the change which makes me very angry. I wish she would be more responsible.

*Short Changed*

DEAR SHORT CHANGED: Probably your girl lost the change in the candy shop. Make your girl pay back lost money out of her allowance. Then she won't be so willing to lose money.

The opposite of duty is a privilege. Having nice clothes is a privilege 'cause there are kids who would be happy if they had any clothes.

DEAR HENRY: What should I do to a 13-year-old girl who likes to be dressed in the nicest clothes, but doesn't take care of them?

*Discouraged*



**Likes nice clothes, but doesn't take care of them.**

DEAR DISCOURAGED: Don't worry, soon your girl will have boy friends and she will take care of her clothes.

I think after this the girl will realize that she isn't going to be able to date a boy unless she goes around looking like a girl! And as soon as she finds out that the supply of clean clothes was cut off, she will make the best of what she has. Just like on Halloween. You put the peanuts and apples up in the cupboard and you eat only the candies and gum, but a

month later when there are no candies and gum left, you fight over peanuts.

"It's all the paper route's fault. Boo-hoo." This is probably what the kid said:

DEAR HENRY: My boy has a paper route. He didn't get good marks at school last month and I know he can do better. Should I forbid him to deliver papers?

*Worried*

DEAR WORRIED: No! You get out of school at 3:30, walking home and fooling around, etc., 4:15. Paper route till 5:30, supper 6:30, and then, who knows what? So make the "who knows what" study time and don't cut out the paper route. A paper route teaches kids to deal with people and to earn something. Then kids think twice before they spend their own money.

Baloney. If that kid really wanted to get good marks, he could have three paper routes and still get them. I know a kid who said: "I want to get good marks in spelling," and he has been getting perfect marks ever since.

This kid has a big mouth and wants everyone to know it:

DEAR HENRY: My son is forever interrupting my friends and me. It becomes very embarrassing. What should I do about this?

*Embarrassed Parent*

DEAR EMBARRASSED PARENT: Tell your boy not to interrupt in a conversation because it is not polite. Tell him to put up his hand as he does at school if he wants to say anything. Then when the person finishes it is your boy's turn to talk.

To speak up is also a privilege. Next about wanting to be a little sick:

DEAR HENRY: I am just recovering from several months of sickness. When I was sick everything I did was okay. Now that I am getting well everything I do seems to be wrong. What shall I do?

*P. J.*

DEAR P.J.: When you are sick you have privileges and you can do anything you want. But now you are okay and a fuss doesn't need to be made over you. You should be happy that you are well.

There are two reasons kids like to stay home in bed. The first is to get extra attention and privileges but you will never guess what is the second. The second reason kids stay home in bed is 'cause they are sick.

This girl is going to be dropped:

DEAR HENRY: I have four children, ages nine, ten, 11 and 14. The oldest is always hanging around doing nothing while my 11-year-old daughter is working like a bee. They are always fighting. What can I do about these problems?

*Mrs. K.Y.*

DEAR MRS. K. Y.: Since your oldest is always "hanging around," cut the rope and let her fall. After she has recovered, help get her interested in a hobby, put pressure on duties. Show appreciation for her efforts and achievement. Good luck.

Maybe she will wake up.

Here is a letter concerning a parent's duty and a library card's privilege.

DEAR HENRY: I've got a library card and I lost a book which I borrowed from the library. I haven't told anybody because I'm scared. What should I do?

*David S.*

DEAR DAVE: Tell your parents. They won't hit you. They are there to help you. Save up what the book cost and be careful next time.



## 8.

# Parents: Right and Wrong

DEAR HENRY: As a young boy yourself what do you think of your own generation? We are always hearing that the young generation is going to the dogs. What do you think of your own generation as compared to your parents? Do you think that when you and your schoolmates grow up that you and they will be able to run the world any better than us oldsters are doing?

*Oldster*

DEAR OLDSTER: No, we are not going to the dogs. Parents say we are spoiled because we have many toys, games and TV. In one game we learn real estate, in another we plan our future and in a third we challenge the stock market. From TV we learn more stuff in one hour than our parents learned at school in three hours. That's why we will grow up a little smarter. But adults are making us in our homes and schools and we will be only a little bit different from them when we will grow up.

In this chapter I am going to name a few important battles in the history of mankind.

A common battle between parents and kids is the battle of Bunker Bed (Bunker Hill) and Washing You (Waterloo). These two are duties, duties are to be followed, but if you have too many, "the heck with them."

Yelling and screaming and playing too loud makes parents mad, but remember, there will be more yelling and screaming if you hit them (the kids).



**Yelling and screaming and playing too loud . . .**

The battle of Get To Bed Burg (Gettysburg) is an exciting one. When parents guess the bedtime for children their guess is a little too early.

Parents are always fighting with kids who resist getting stuffed with food. They should never force a kid to eat when he doesn't want to. No one can put an elephant into a squirrel's stomach, not even parents!

Now we come to a really interesting battle, the battle of TV Ralgar (Trafalgar). Parents wish that kids see as little TV as possible. And here I side with kids. We have lots of fun from TV stuff, although most of it is wrong stuff. It's up to parents to correct this.

Another battle is the Bully for School, Now Run (Bull Run). If you aren't satisfied with your kid's marks, don't whip him, help and encourage your kid. There should be a society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

Parents should be kind to kids. Remember Newton and Einstein once were kids, too.

But after the peace treaty is signed like in history there are still problems left.

This innocent little boy is trying to kick through the sound barrier and while doing it he will get his family kicked out from their apartment.

DEAR HENRY: We live in an apartment and have a little boy, age three, who is very active. Our neighbors who live in the same house sometimes complain because he likes to run and jump and make noise.



Likes to run and jump and make noise.

We take him outside a lot but how can we keep him occupied and happy indoors without making much noise? Have you any ideas?

G.J.R.

DEAR G. J. R.: Keep your boy occupied. I have asked my four-year-old brother what toys he likes. He likes building blocks and picture books. My brother spends hours with his blocks.

Now getting back to parents being wrong, for instance, one fault is accusing a kid of something he didn't do. This boy has been doing too much working upstairs and not enough TV watching.

DEAR HENRY: I am 15. Last Saturday while my friend and myself were upstairs working, we heard some noises in the house. When my parents returned they discovered a bottle of whisky missing. I had no knowledge of the bottle, but my parents are accusing me of taking the bottle. What can I do to prove them wrong?

*I Don't Drink*

DEAR I DON'T DRINK EITHER: You should do nothing. You are innocent until proven guilty. Let your parents play District Attorney. If you are telling the truth you have nothing to worry about.

You can buy a bike, you can buy candy but you can never buy love:

DEAR HENRY: I have eight grandchildren, and every week, get rid of \$3.00 or \$3.50 in small distribution to the kids. I'm thinking of changing to putting that money in the old sugar bowl and once a month taking the whole family, including Mom and Dad, to a fine place for dinner. Which would you suggest would leave a finer memory of Grandma?

V.M.D.

DEAR GRANDMA V.M.D.: You can't buy love. Your grandchildren will remember you better for being a nice helpful grandma, not for occasionally giving them money or taking them to dinner.

This Grandma wants to leave her children and grandchildren thinking: "What a nice Grandma she was" but instead she will leave them thinking: "What a rich Grandma she was."

Here again the parents are wrong:

DEAR HENRY: I am  $12\frac{1}{2}$  years old and have an 11-year-old sister. I got a 93 average at school and I am not trying to brag. My sister got a 79 average. She was praised a lot by my parents and relatives but they never say anything to me. Naturally I am pretty discouraged. What can I do to make my parents proud and recognize me in my work at school?

*Discouraged*

DEAR DISCOURAGED: Your parents take for granted that you get good marks since you get them all the time. Your parents give more praise to your sister because she needs more. Point out to your parents that you are not getting enough encouragement; but they are proud of you anyway.

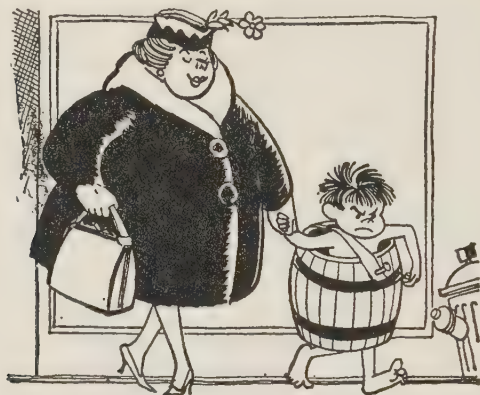
When parents start a big campaign to improve a 79 average, they shouldn't abandon the 93 average or else they will be dealing with two 79 averages.

This boy is stuck:

DEAR HENRY: Any time I go shopping with my mother she always gets what she wants to buy. Last Saturday she said she would buy me a cub uniform. She spent three hours in one store, then we had lunch, then we went to another store to

pick up some things. Before you knew it it was time to go home and I didn't get my cub uniform. What should I do?

*Stuck*



**No Cub's uniform.**

DEAR STUCK: You are stuck with your mother. Either go shopping with your dad or ask your mother to get you a scout uniform because by the time your mother will get you a cub uniform you will be in the boy scouts.

When parents make promises (especially mothers), they should do their best to keep them. Every time a mother breaks a promise she goes down one floor in respect. On second thought I think this boy should get his mother to buy him a Rover Scout uniform. By the time he gets it it will fit.

Now read these letters from mothers who are planning to take over. To pick his job, to pick his friends, to pick his club—next maybe to pick his bride:

DEAR HENRY: My son is a nut over wrestling. Every Saturday he runs in and turns on the wrestling. He is now talking about being a wrestler. I do not want him to be a bruiser.

*A Wrestler's Mother*



DEAR WRESTLER'S MOTHER: It is a lot easier to watch on TV a big 250 pounder get his feathers ruffled than it is to do the ruffling. There is the same difference between being interested in wrestling and being a wrestler.

I don't think this boy will be able to fight. You see he is at a handicap, his arms and legs are tied up in his mother's nylon socks (not apron strings):

DEAR HENRY: I wish to know which type of a friend my boy should have? A lively and talkative one or a quiet one?

*Inquiring*

DEAR INQUIRING: Whose friends are they going to be? Since the kids are going to be friends and blood brothers of your boy, why not let him have some say on who they are going to be? Let him choose his own friends. Mothers can do almost anything but not everything.

DEAR HENRY: I am a boy of 12. I am quite angry at my mother. She insists I must join a certain organization. I do not want to go and I do not like the organization. Do you think I should have to go?

*Henpecked*

DEAR HENPECKED: I have to know what kind of organization it is before I can give an answer. If it is Scouts, I think you should join. If it is Girl Guides, we won't press the matter.

And this mother has a baby all grown up:

DEAR HENRY: My son, who is 21 years, doesn't want to wear shorts in the summer any more. When he visits me with his wife he comes in long pants. How can I make him wear shorts again? He also doesn't drink milk.

*Concerned Mother*

DEAR CONCERNED: Let him wear long pants and drink what he likes. He will survive.

Baby doesn't want to wear shorts 'cause baby has hair on his legs and doesn't want anyone to see it.

I can picture this couple: stiff, crouchy, mean, refined, educated and in their early 60's:

DEAR HENRY: We have no children. Last Halloween we went out to supper and then to a movie in order not to be pestered by kids.

When we came home we noticed these words written with soap on the living room window: "Are you afraid to stand up to us? Are you chicken?"

What do you think about these misbehaved kids?

*Deeply Moved*

DEAR DEEPLY MOVED: I agree with the misbehaved kids. Think how it would be for kids if everyone would be like you on Halloween.

I am sure you could have fun seeing the kids all dressed up on Halloween and handing out goodies.

I don't like adults like these who can't even face a few kids. They wouldn't even have to face the faces of these youngsters 'cause they were covered up.

When I went on my beat last Halloween with my friend, we came to a house and they said: "Oh we were very busy, we forgot to buy candies." When we came to another house they said: "Sorry, we have nothing for you." I said to my friend: "They didn't even bother to think of an excuse."

If you want a bike and have a father who has been saying, "Maybe" for a long time, you better read this:

DEAR HENRY: I live on a very small hill and I would like a bike. But my mother says no and my father has been saying maybe for a long, long time. Most of my friends have a bike. What do you think I should do?

*Kathe*

DEAR KATHE: CAMPAIGN HINTS: Lesson 1. (If it doesn't work out, write for Lesson 2.)

1. Since your father says maybe, work on your father.
2. Keep the newspapers, slippers, and pipe ready when he settles in his chair.
3. When you think he is happy and comfortable . . .
4. START NAGGING.
5. Repeat numbers 2, 3 and 4 seven times a week.
6. AND EVERY WEEK UNTIL YOU GET YOUR BIKE.

I hated to release Lesson 2 because I thought this poor father is still recovering from Lesson 1, but war is war.

DEAR HENRY: I have enjoyed your Lesson 1 in which you have instructed Kathe how to get a bike. Just for fun, what's Lesson 2?

*Still Laughing*

DEAR STILL LAUGHING: If Lesson 1 doesn't work, try Lesson 2.

1. Kathe's father has a frozen heart. It must be melted and softened.
2. Keep crying and saying, "Daddy doesn't love me."
3. Put up signs all over the house with "Daddy doesn't want me to have any fun."
4. Whenever you meet your dad, give him a long face.
5. Tell your father that Henry's lesson three will be even more drastic.

*I wonder if Kathe got her bike?*

A bike. . . . OK as long as he needs it:

DEAR HENRY: My son, 12 years old, wants a new bicycle, a racer. He already has a fine bicycle, although not a racer, that he can use. I think that his desire for a racer is mostly to keep up with his friends who have nice, new, shiny racers.

He has repeatedly asked for a new bike and is prepared to pay for it.

I would appreciate your opinion on this matter.

*D.L.C.*

DEAR MRS. D.L.C.: You like to keep up with the latest fashion hats. Your boy likes to keep up with latest model bikes. Let him have a racer at his own expense and sell the old bike.

Ladies buy hats of new style almost every day. I think fashion is a revolution not an evolution.

When a parent will give in a little, a kid will ask for more, for a new car or a swimming pool:

DEAR HENRY: Our four children are nagging us to buy a new car. I think it is more important to save money for a down-payment on a house as life in an apartment with four children is quite miserable. What should I tell my children?

*The Nagged Mother and Father*



**Our kids want a new car—we want a new house.**

DEAR NAGGED: Tell your children flatly that you can't buy what you can't afford. I'm sure that your children would rather live in a house than in a new car.

DEAR HENRY: This year we foolishly decided to splurge during my holidays, and so we visited my very well-to-do sister who lives in California. While we were there, our son, eight years old, had a wonderful time. We have been home for a month and it seems he has developed very expensive tastes. How can I explain to a spoiled child that a 35-foot-long backyard and an empty wallet cannot contain a swimming pool?

*Busted*

DEAR BUSTED: It's okay for a boy of eight years to want a bicycle, or a baseball glove and you give it to him for his birthday. But the swimming pool is out of line. Don't give your boy everything he wants, or you will end up buying the pool.

A child just a rerun of his parents? I don't think so:

DEAR HENRY: The majority of people that I know think that the make-up of a child can be directly traced to their parents and the kind of homes they live in. I am not quite convinced about that as it is not difficult to find examples of great people who have risen from unhappy homes. What do you think?

*A Reader*

DEAR READER: Much of the child's thinking is based on what he has heard and seen at home. But not all. If he doesn't know table manners, or says bad words in public, it is the parents' fault. If he is ambitious, courageous and has imagination, qualities that come from deep down inside, the home has nothing to do with it.

Some children are going to the dogs (trained ones):

DEAR HENRY: Which is a better child: One who obeys at once or one who likes to argue it out?

*Undecided*

DEAR UNDECIDED: The one who argues it out is the better. A kid who obeys on first command every time is no better than a

trained dog. The kid who argues it out shows that he will fight for what he thinks is right.

How do you think we got a free country? In the olden days if everyone had strict parents, we would still belong to the British. If you don't try you don't win. The people who had strict parents didn't help any. They just followed anybody in authority.

I know some kids who have strict parents; they are perfect children. But I could boss those kids around easily 'cause they are used to taking orders.

Looking back at this chapter I see that there were only a few cases where parents were right. I guess this chapter could be called: Parents . . . Wrong and Wrong.



## 9.

# Love at First Glance

My brother Stanley is now five (if at some places in this book he is four, it is because it took me a year to write this book) and every day he is playing with a girl. Maybe he should be writing this chapter, not me. He really seems to know more about it.

Well, I got some comments from him. "Stanley, when you are big, why will you get married?" "'Cause that's what you are supposed to do." "Why do you LOVE Susan?" "'Cause she is funny." (Of course I changed the name so as not to humiliate the innocent.) "Why do you want to get children, Stanley?" "'Cause I never had them before."

At Stanley's age there isn't any difference between a boy and a girl except that a little girl lets her hair grow long; this is what Stanley thinks. But girls are smarter, they know more. I've seen girls of five already arranging their own weddings and getting dressed up as mothers. They even get dressed up like fathers! So it looks like the girls are sharpening their claws while the boys are playing in the mud.

Climbing the ladder you reach the age of eight where girls are stupid, sissy, nutty, squeegee, chicken, crummy, but boys like them anyway!

Then you come to the teen-age when girls take your books



**Those are girls, Stanley.**

and you have to chase them around the class to get them back.

Before I get into detail about this serious delicate love problem of the teen-age I want to start it off with a problem that is serious and delicate.

DEAR HENRY: I'm a girl of 13 and have a big problem. I have secretly been going out with a boy who is 16. We are thinking we might elope next June so that I will be a June bride. Do you think I am too young for this sort of thing?

*Undecided*

DEAR UNDECIDED: There were once two little bears, Jack and Jill. They liked each other very much but were too young to get married. So they quit school and ran away. Jack hadn't finished school so he couldn't get a good job and they had no friends and were very sad. Soon they regretted leaving but didn't dare go home. The maw and paw bears grew worried and paw got ulcers. Then they called the police. Jack and Jill were brought home in disgrace and their families were very much ashamed.



**Elope—to be a June bride.**

I suppose every question is serious to the person it involves, and in some cases I would hate to be involved; 'cause you can't always get out. An important word to the teen-ager: Don't get *involved*. I am backed in it by another 13-year-old girl.

DEAR HENRY: I read in your column on Feb. 10th about the 13-year-old girl who was thinking of eloping with a 16-year-old boy in June. Well, I too am 13. We have a 6-month-old baby in the house. I can look after him pretty well. My mother taught me to sew, cook, clean house and look after a baby and I don't

think I'd like to take on the responsibilities of married life. Does she think it's such a big hooray to be married at 13? She shouldn't even be thinking of dating, let alone getting married.

*Disgusted*

At least this kid wants help, some won't take it.

DEAR HENRY: I have a problem about girls. My parents said school comes first and girls later. I met a nice girl the other day, she likes me, I like her. If my parents find out I won't live long. So what should I do? I am 16 years old, grade seven.

*Help Me*

DEAR HELP ME: Nobody can help you if you won't help yourself. Forget about everything except school. Your parents are right.

I can imagine what this boy will say after he reads my answer. He will say, "That Henry is a real square." Listen, you Egg-Faced Lead Head, you've got to start working in school 'cause you will have to work when you are big. The harder you work in school, the better will be the work you get when you are big. Why don't you surprise everyone in your class and get excellent marks? It might wake up some of your friends if they see you developing some work disease. Like they might catch it, dig?

Here is the kid responsible for turning off the lights:

DEAR HENRY: My old man was bossing me about this and I thought I'd write to you. Like I am 13 I go to a lot of parties with girls. In the middle of them the light goes off, etc. I got the whipping from my old man, what do you think?

*Mac*

DEAR MAC: Look, Mac, you are in the dark. Smarten up. If you know what's good for you, don't go to any more of these "parties."

What happens when the lights go off. . . . Ack the lights went off, power failure, hey you, stay away, let go . . . don't be fresh. Swack you, yeow, get off my toe. Yeow, who is that down my back? . . . You can always depend on a good old power failure to liven up the place. But I would stay away from parties that have poor electricity.

DEAR HENRY: I am 13 and I like a boy who is also 13. There is another boy I used to like but then I found out he was playing me for a sucker because he just wants every girl to like him. He used to tell me he likes me one day and the next day he would run off with some other girl. Now I like someone else and he is jealous, and tries to get me back. Could you tell me how I could get even with him?

Could you please tell me how to get the boy I like more interested in me so that he won't be like the other one?

*Miss L.*

DEAR MISS L.: Lead the other boy on, like he did to you. Show a bit of interest in the boy you like. If he likes you, and he will have to like you if he is going to be your boy friend, he will get jealous of the other boy. Once you have got the boy you like hooked, let the sucker go. Whew, I hope I got it straight.

Whew, I sure do hope I got it straight. Little schemes are made up to get affection from a boy friend or a girl friend without them knowing about it. But they know that they know about their feelings on the inside and sort of try to hide it. That's one type of guy; another kind of guy goes around telling everyone his girl friend's name, inquiring whom you like, and getting you to ask his girl friend if she likes him and then tell him the news. They live what I call a "Public Love."

DEAR HENRY: My name is Michael and I am 10 years old. Nearly all the girls in my class like me and I like them. The boys tease me and pick on me because I simply hate to fight. What should I do?

*Michael*

DEAR MICHAEL: There is nothing wrong with you being the ladies' man as long as you don't go around boasting. If anyone teases you about fighting, tell them it is more important to have muscles in the head than in the arms.

DEAR HENRY: Can you give me some advice how to win my boy friend back? I like him very much but he seems to be more interested in my girl friends than in me. Should I go out with some other fellows to make him jealous?

My girl friend lost her boy friend when I lost mine, but her boy friend came back.

*Lost*

DEAR LOST: Don't try to make your boy friend jealous. That would just make it tougher for him to come back to you. Don't go with any other boy for a month. When he sees you lonely and alone he will come back (if he likes you) thinking that you have no one else and you need him.

This girl can't hook this boy on the doorsteps:

DEAR HENRY: What should I do to get a certain boy to like me? He has a locker near mine I've heard.

*Miss Fourteen*

DEAR MISS FOURTEEN: Try planting your sweater in his locker. Make sure that your name and phone number is on it. When he returns the sweater, well, it's up to you. You could ask Mom what to do—she will know.

DEAR HENRY: I am a 10-year-old boy. I have a girl friend. I love her very much. But I don't know if she loves me. Some



people tell me that she loves me. She always smiles at me in class. How can I know if she loves me?

*Love Trouble*

DEAR LOVE TROUBLE: No girl smiles at a boy just to show her front teeth. You know . . . I'd say she likes you.

And this girl is out to get her man dead or alive:

DEAR HENRY: Please help me. This girl (age 12) thinks I like her but I don't. She invites me to places and then makes me pay for it. She is always borrowing money from you but never returns it. If you don't do what she likes she tells her mother and it is very embarrassing. She calls me up almost every day to do something and I don't always have an excuse. She does this to everyone else too. I am also 12.

*Perplexed*



**Perplexed.**

DEAR PERPLEXED: Don't bother about being polite. Give her a straight NO! and then hope she says "I'll never talk to you again."

Some girls don't wait for the boy to call, they just walk over and take over.

Mother will wait up for him, when he walks in the door.  
"You are Grounded!"

DEAR HENRY: I am having trouble with my parents. You see, last night I went to a chaperoned dance and returned with my girl friend and her brother at 2 A.M.

They haven't grounded me or gotten on to me as yet, but they just sit around and glare at me every time I open my mouth. I don't think that's too late as long as we were chaperoned and just having a good time in the right way as a teenager should. What is your advice?

*Troubled*



**Home at two A.M.**

DEAR TROUBLED: You are right. A teen-ager should have a good time and be as free as a bird as long as you are not "grounded." Have a good time but not in the middle of the night. Your parents are mad because you came home so late, and being chaperoned has nothing to do with coming home late.

Teen-agers can have their fun as long as it is in the sun.

DEAR HENRY: I'm 12 years old. My mother wants me to go dancing on Friday nights but I don't want to. This is for two

reasons. First, I am afraid of boys, and second, I can't dance very well and don't want to learn now. What would I do?

*Afraid*

DEAR AFRAID: First, you can stay away from boys all you want now. When you are 13, your automatic pilot will take over. Second, you shouldn't be forced to go dancing. Go when your pilot is flying you high.

Girls have a great advantage over boys. Boys have to be little gentlemen, polite, considerate and ready to help; but girls can slap a boy across the face any time their hand feels sluggish and needs exercise.

Jealous Joe is like the green-eyed monster, he haunts teenagers:

DEAR HENRY: My boy friend dropped me because he was jealous of his friend. It started when my boy friend failed and his father said he couldn't go out school nights. So his friend comes up to my house almost every night to cheer me up because I don't see my boy friend any more on school nights.

My boy friend got jealous of his friend for coming up to my house and said the only thing we most likely do is neck, which is not true. This is what made my boy friend drop me. So I told his friend not to come up to my house any more unless he had my boy friend with him, to prove that we don't neck all the time.

I have done everything I can to prove to my boy friend that I do not like his friend seriously and I still like him a lot. What shall I do to get him back?

*Heartbreak*

DEAR HEARTBREAK: Just show him your letter to me in the newspaper. That will prove you like him.

I just had to point out to her that writing to me shows her true love. The jealous boy friend will know that his friend and her were not necking, *all the time*.

Some kids have and get the wrong attitude about LOVE. In my book starts at 15! This is my book.

DEAR HENRY: My parents tell me I am too young to date girls. But all my friends started two or more years ago. I have lost about three girl friends this way. If I date, my parents find out some way. Please give me your advice. I am 13.

*Desperate*

DEAR DESPERATE: Desperate for what?

These girls have to have a secretary to put down calls and give out appointments:

DEAR HENRY: I am 13 years old and I have a boy friend problem. I met this boy, whose name is Danny, skating one Saturday. Over the Christmas holidays I was with him all the time. On New Year's Day his friend Wayne took a liking to me. Wayne asked me to the show and Danny asked me too. I want to go with the both of them but they don't want that. Could you please tell me what to do?

*Worried Girl*

DEAR WORRIED GIRL: If they don't want that, it's better you don't go with any this week. Next week go with the first one that asked. If wondering what you can say to the second caller, you just say: "This Saturday I am booked, but there is an opening on next Saturday."

Sorry, this girl is taken! Some people worry about not being popular but when they get to be HEAD JANITOR they still worry.

This girl never boasts!

DEAR HENRY: I don't like to brag, but all the boys that see me ask me for a date and to go steady. Every boy that I meet asks that and I don't know what to say. Could you help me? How can I hide my fatal beauty? I am 11.

*Beautiful*

DEAR BEAUTIFUL: Don't try to hide your fatal beauty, and you will have a bigger choice when you are older. Right now you are too young to date or to go steady. You can tell the rest of the crowd that too.

"Well, you see Henry, I don't like to brag, but I just *AM* beautiful, talented, intelligent and sexy." Some girls spend all their time trying to bring out their beauty. This girl wants to bury hers. Well, she can keep digging and when she is 13 and needs it, she can dig it out again.

10.

## Billy, Your Teacher Called Today

DEAR HENRY: Which child will have a better chance in life, one who is bright but lazy or one who is ungifted but industrious? What do you think?

*Asking*

DEAR ASKING: I think if you work hard you have nothing to worry about. If you are smart all the better, but you can't be just plain smart. If you really want to be the guy who dusts the top of the pyramid you have to be both.

"Billy, your teacher called today," said Mother. Billy turned pale and said: "Darn it, what did she say?" Billy already knew what his teacher had told his mother.

"Your teacher told me that you were sent out of the class twice today, once for passing notes and once for calling out in the class. What do you have to say for yourself?" asked Mother.

"Mommy, the teacher always picks on me," said Billy. "She comes into the classroom, rubs her hands, rattles her jewelry, looks around and says to herself: 'I am going to pick on Billy today.'"

"Why does she pick on you?" asked Mother. "I just don't know," answered Billy.

One reason for bad behavior in the class is that the boy



wants to show off in front of other boys and GIRLS. For example: One day we were talking in the class about solids which conduct electricity. Some boys and girls put up their hands. Nancy said that electricity goes through steel. Susan said through zinc and Jack said through wood.



Showing off in front of a class.

“Wrong,” said the teacher to Jack, “but remember *all metals conduct* electricity.” Then John put up his hand.

“Yes, John?” “If all metals conduct electricity, does David Johnson’s head conduct?” John got laughs from everyone except the teacher.

David was sick that day.

A bad teacher finds a bad apple in her class and throws it away. A good teacher tries to polish the bad apple and make it good. A good teacher makes a boy a scientist and a bad teacher a garbage man. A good teacher brings a boy with 60 average at the beginning of the year to 85 at the end of the year. All bad teachers can become good teachers. Our country needs good teachers.

A discouraged child becomes discouraged like this: An under-average boy studies all night for a science test. Next morning after the test the teacher reads the results: Billy has again 70. Billy expected to get 70, although it was better than he usually gets. The teacher didn't praise him at all. He decides that studying isn't really worth it. A good teacher will not let this happen.

A boy with no ambition. It is again up to the teacher to straighten him out. Here is an example: The teacher is calling the results of a spelling test. Mary 88, Jack 92, Bob 70. "Your mark is pretty good Bob, I mean better than you usually get, and one day you may even beat Jack." Bob thinks to himself, I am going to surprise the teacher, and beat Jack. Next call out of a spelling test: Mary 86, Jack 91, Bob 94. "Good work, Bob," said the teacher, "keep up the good work." Bob was proud of himself. The good teacher was proud of herself. Her plan had worked.

If your boy comes home and says he got 75 on his test and he thinks his mark was good, you should praise him. Tell him he will do even better next time. Never compare your boy with the boy next door who got 90. Never compare yourself with your son. Always praise your child for his effort. Don't offer rewards for excellent marks, just praise and love. Some fun with dad and mom is the best reward a kid would want. If your child comes home with a big test, give him a hand if

he needs one. Never be too busy to help your child. But don't be over-anxious to help explain that he has to work too.

Well, better teachers and parents, you have got your work cut out for you. Get busy!

A lot of funny things happen at school. I got a little blue book and I write all down what is interesting to report from the lion's den. I manage to slip down a note in these crucial moments. Little notes like this: "John! please, may I see your writing book?"

It takes John a while to get the book out of his messy desk. The waiting teacher says: "Hurry Up! The suspense is killing me."

I get lots of letters about school problems. This one involves a highly important problem in mathematics about the basic question how to solve one plus one.

DEAR HENRY: I have a little girl who doesn't like arithmetic. When I was her age I didn't like arithmetic either. She knows this, because in a weak-minded moment I admitted it to her. What reasons can I now give her for doing her arithmetic homework?

*One Plus One*

DEAR ONE PLUS ONE: You don't need to give her a reason to do her arithmetic. Let her not do her homework. She will just be ashamed in front of her class and teacher. Then she will do her homework.

There is just one *Big* reason why a little girl should do her homework. Because this little girl wants to be a smart little girl and in order to be a smart little girl she has to be educated and in order to be educated she has to do her ones and ones or else she will be a stupid little girl. It's as simple as that. It is not that this girl is unambitious or unwanting; this little girl is just plain lazy.

DEAR HENRY: I am a girl, aged ten. My father believes in homework. Not that I don't agree with him, but does it have to be every night?

If I do something wrong, for instance, such as lose a penny, he starts yelling and calls me names. Do you have any suggestions?

*Getting Bored*



**Do we have to have homework every night?**

DEAR BORED: I think you are exaggerating a tiny bit. If you think back carefully you may recall that it was not one penny you lost but ten or 25. Complaining about your homework? Some people have a column and homework to do too!

And on top of that you will find an odd person writing a book!

**Fed up is fed up:**

DEAR HENRY: I have a son nine years old. I am making him take piano lessons but he refuses to practice and sneaks away to play hockey and baseball. How should I punish him?

*Fed Up*

DEAR FED UP: You're wasting your money. Your boy hasn't any interest in playing the piano.

Your boy may regret it when he is older, but if he dislikes playing piano enough to run away and play, you should quit taking days off your life.



**I make him take piano lessons.**

But if your kid has another talent:

DEAR HENRY: We have a daughter Mary Anne, nine years old. She started to take piano lessons at the age of six, but she has not learned much. She likes to draw and does it all the time. But we would like her to keep up with piano. What do you suggest?

*Mother of Mary Anne*

DEAR MOTHER OF MARY ANNE: You are trying to take wool from a cow. Why not take the milk?

Mary Anne hasn't been interested in piano for three years, so she doesn't enjoy it and she won't rate right. Let your Mona Lisa take art lessons and draw. If she is good enough she may even become another Gramma Moses.

May I quote an average parent: "I don't understand you, kid. Had I been given the opportunity to take piano lessons when I was a child, I would have spent all my time at it."



These parents think this because they never did get any lessons to see what it would have been.

Just think what would have happened if Schubert, Bach or Chopin had fathers like this one:

DEAR HENRY: My daughter is 13 and takes piano lessons. I want her to quit because she is forced to practice and it takes a lot of her time. When I asked her to quit she said "No, I want to keep learning the piano." How can I get her to quit?

*Miserable Father*

DEAR MISERABLE FATHER: Don't cut off the lessons. Be happy that she does study her piano. A lot of children take piano lessons and don't study it. Your daughter may grow up to be a second Beethoven.

Here are two letters from the founders of "Sloppy and Sloppy Inc." They specialize in messy writing. Our Motto: "Why be neat when you can be Sloppy?"

DEAR HENRY: My boy who is in grade two is quite a good student. Sometimes he prints well but mostly his printing is very bad. His teacher said he may have to fail unless his printing improves. How can he improve?

*Worried Mom*

DEAR WORRIED MOM: Give your boy practice and help him learn to print. If a boy could fail because of printing I wouldn't be in grade seven.

DEAR HENRY: I'm eight years old and I'm going to skip a grade and so is the rest of my group. I am a very sloppy writer. What should I do?

*Sloppy*

DEAR SLOPPY: Get special tutoring from your mother. Write big so you can form your letters easier. But I have to credit



you that it isn't every kid who would want to improve his writing. Nice going.

As my father says when I urge him to pass the car in front of us: "We will be only two seconds ahead, it isn't worth the risk." Two seconds more on your writing is better than writing it over again.

This girl doesn't want her mother to know how she is doing at school:

DEAR HENRY: My ten-year-old girl is in grade five. She used to tell me when she failed her test at school, but now she doesn't say anything when I ask. I am sure she is hiding something and doesn't trust me any more. What can be done?

*Distrusted Mother*

DEAR DISTRUSTED: It is not a matter of trust. A child only likes to tell his parents of his success and be praised. They just can't tell their failures. Phone her teacher and find out her marks. Tell your child that you know her marks and treat it with: "Don't worry, that's not too bad, you will do better next time." Your child will see that you find out marks anyway and will tell marks.

Better than to give your mother a breakdown when the report card comes, tell her the results of the little test. You will get a little spanking rather than a big wallop.

DEAR HENRY: We have a 12-year-old son. We recently moved to another part of town and our son was transferred to another school. This upset him greatly. He immediately began missing the school bus, feigning illness at school and having the nurse call for us to come to take him home.

During this time he did become ill and was in the hospital for several days. Since coming home he still does not show any interest in school and pretends to have a peculiar illness which

leaves him immediately after he discovers it is too late for him to attend school that day. May we have your suggestions?

*Worried*

DEAR WORRIED: You could contact a few boys who are in his class and explain to them your problem. You know, boys of 12 are pretty sensible. Ask them to come over one afternoon and bring along their hobbies, like chemistry sets or microscopes. Don't forget to serve refreshments.

I don't think your boy will want to be left out. When he gets acquainted with a few boys from his class, school won't be so strange any more and he may start going to school.

I once got transferred across the globe to a new language, but once I learned to play soccer, I was accepted. But I would never have gotten acquainted with anyone had I been so shy as to stick my head in the frigidaire every time someone passed.

This guy likes the strap better:

DEAR HENRY: I hate staying in after school. When I am bad I would rather get the strap. My teacher has a strap but makes me stay instead. How can I make him know I would rather be strapped?

*Like the Strap Better*

DEAR LIKE THE STRAP: The best and only way not to stay in is to stay out of trouble.

Well, it's a sure thing teachers aren't strapping the kids as they did in the olden days.

From a gum loving kid:

DEAR HENRY: How come the teacher always makes you throw your gum away?

*Gum Lover*



**No gum in class.**

DEAR GUM LOVER: In my teacher's words: "Teachers have reasons for all the mad things they do." Don't question your teacher and don't chew gum.

I would like to hear some of these reasons.

DEAR HENRY: I am not smart in school. I want to be the queen of our school next year. And I want everyone to like me. And then later on I want to be queen in high school. And the next time I want to be the next queen of the band. I want to be a majorette. How can I be this?

*Wanting*

DEAR WANTING: Well, at least you are not lacking in ambition. But ambition alone is not going to make you queen. You've got to be good in school. So, queen, from now on make sure you get marks fit for a queen.

How can I award my son?

DEAR HENRY: Our boy got an A-1 mark at school. Do you think we should give him an award?

*A Mother*

DEAR MOTHER: I think the A-1 was enough reward for him. But you should show how proud you are.

Believe it or not most kids would rather be respected, recognized and loved a lot, then burn up the town, go to fairs and things. A good mark is the award the kid was looking for.

DEAR HENRY: What would you do if you had a teacher who is always picking on you?

*Desperate Ten-Year-Old*

DEAR DESPERATE: I would work harder.

Teachers aren't really big ugly monsters (believe it or not). They are human beings who couldn't find another job. They don't just go around picking on kids for no reason (believe it or not). And most incredible of all, they don't really pick on you; it's just their way of encouraging you.

Sometimes I am faced with a serious problem which needs a good solid answer:

DEAR HENRY: I have a son nine years of age. He is in grade five in the A stream. Recently, at the parents-teacher meeting, I was warned that if he doesn't improve his work and behavior, he will have to go to the B stream. I learned from boys in his class that he fools around most of the time and plays the class joker. How could I help to prevent him from going to the B stream?

*Mrs. J. W. S.*

DEAR MRS. J. W. S.: Put your kid to work, keep him busy and be very strict with him. Help him in his school work as much as you can. Find out if he was good in school and if he was, plenty of praise, and if he wasn't, plenty of the opposite.

He will resent this, but these few weeks can make a life. If he goes to the B stream it would discourage him and he will remain a joker thinking that he can't get any worse.

If he stays in A stream, he will thank you and after his work pays off, he will be able to drive himself.

Like this time it's life or death. I get quite a few of these type of questions. I've found that praise and encouragement does wonders.

DEAR HENRY: You are a very smart little fellow and I do hope you can help me and the teachers with our problem. I have an 11-year-old boy. His last three teachers complain about him as being giddy at school, and not putting his best foot forward in school subjects. When they chastise him he just laughs at them. What would you do to get him more serious about his school work? Is he hopeless?

*Mom of Ten*

DEAR MOM OF TEN: Your kid isn't hopeless. You just have to twist the right leg at the right time. Here are some hints I think you can use:

- 1) Team up with a *good* teacher and give your son some extra work. And don't let him wriggle out of it.
- 2) Plenty of praise and encouragement will put the train on the track.
- 3) And once he is on the track keep pushing him till he is going so fast that he can't stop for water.

This beat mom has two geniuses for children, and they give her a real tough time:

DEAR HENRY: My daughter entered grade nine a month before her 13th birthday and my son is in the top bracket in grade seven at 11 years of age. Question: Are children with a high IQ harder to cope with (by mothers) than less intelligent children? How do we handle these brainy kids?

*A Real Beat Mom*

DEAR BEAT MOM: Yes, a bright kid is hard to cope with, because: He can figure better ways of outsmarting parents. He

thinks for himself, although not always right, he wants his way. One day you will be proud of them. Be patient.

Judging by her signature, "A Real Beat Mom" she is having a tough time, so why ask me?

DEAR HENRY: I've got a problem with my son. Lately he has been having exams. Every time after he has studied he asks me to check if he knows all the answers. This has kept me busy every evening. How can I make him learn by himself?

*Busy Father*

DEAR BUSY: When your son is big, there won't be anybody to check on him. So he might as well study by himself right now. Tell him that he has TO LEARN BY HIMSELF.

You more or less know how much you know and it is good to be able to judge it by yourself.



## 11.

# Pets and Pastimes

Sports hold all sorts of dangers, sports hold all sorts of fun and usually what is real fun is dangerous.

I play all sorts of sports, football at recess in fall, baseball at recess in summer, marbles at recess in spring and hockey at recess in winter. Whenever we forget football or baseball, we play basketball or volleyball, or soccer.

Sports are good for a kid because in team sports he has to do something for the team and if he fails it is the failure of the team. Team sports are like a pyramid; if one guy moves out the whole business falls down.

The trouble with kid-size teams is that it's always the big shot, the kid who failed two grades, who gets all the key positions.

Single games are good, too. For instance, take a crucial game of alleys. I've always had good experience on the muddy field and I think single games are lots of fun (for the winner). I've won about 1000 alleys in my career. Now the nervous strain and tension has got me down and I have retired.

The big catch in alleys is when the little kid just got 100 alleys from his mother and comes to school with a bag full of them. Immediately all the big kids want to play with him

and at night he goes home, grumped! The parent should help the boy, after he comes home heartbroken and miserable, by telling him funny stories about how you lost all your marbles first day, and then came back to win 100 next day, etc.

Well you've got to learn to take defeats even the big ones when you lost a 12-up game. Sports hold all sorts of things including problems.

DEAR HENRY: My son, who is eight, loves to play checkers and plays often with me. I usually win, unless I purposely try not to. My problem is that whenever my son loses, he cries and is terribly upset. But when I try to let him win, he senses it and is even more disturbed. How should I play checkers with him?

*A Checker Problem*



**Let him lose.**

DEAR CHECKER PROBLEM: Play, let him lose and let him cry. Before you laugh, you have to cry. Before you win, you have to lose.

I used to be like this boy. I used to get mad when I lost a game and even madder when I sensed that somebody lets

me win. I wanted to win an honest game and not a fixed one. So just losing and losing got me used to it. Now I don't dance around the fire every time I lose, and I don't get mad, either.

DEAR HENRY: Our boy Matthew, 13, is on a school hockey team as a goalie. It seems that his team never wins a game and he always comes home very discouraged. First, I think being a goalie is dangerous and second I don't like him coming home in such a mood. Do you think I should take him out of it?

*Mother of a Goalie*

DEAR GOALIE'S MOTHER: The last thing he would want you to do is to take him out. You've got to learn to face dangers and defeat. I was a goalie on our school soccer team and we didn't win one game (it wasn't because I was the goalie). We just joked about it and told each other that we would do better next time.

We never did win next time, but we never gave up and my parents never wanted to rule me out of it. I remember we had a game with another school; we lost but that was one of the most exciting games I played.

Everything you learn comes in handy. Never force a kid to learn something. Just suggest. Then he thinks he is getting his way.

DEAR HENRY: My son, 14, and my husband, 46, are crazy about football. They talk about it all the time, watch all games on TV, play in the backyard and take off every week end to see a game. I find myself alone.

*Football Sick*

DEAR FOOTBALL: If you can't lick them, join them. Look at the Kennedy family!

I've watched on TV wrestling and football matches and in the audience there are more ladies than men. This lady will enjoy it too.

Hobbies are a good pastime and many people have hobbies. Sometimes hobbies last from 7 to 70 years and others from 7 to 7:30 P.M. To do a real good job on a hobby you've got to be interested in it. It happens to many kids they get a stamp book and some stamps and decide to make stamp collecting their lifetime hobby. Next morning they lose interest and never touch their collection again.

DEAR HENRY: We started our 11-year-old Bill with a stamp collection. He was very happy with it, however after a short time he thought a coin collection is more interesting and now he would like to have tropical fish. I wish he could concentrate on one thing and work on it. How could I make him stay with one hobby?

*Confused Father*



**From one thing to another.**

DEAR CONFUSED FATHER: I also have a stamp collection. I was enthusiastic in the beginning but now I am tired of it and only work on it when I get the urge. Let your boy have a chance to get the urge.

Never force a kid to work on a hobby. If his interest hasn't died out he may still work on his hobby on a rainy day or when he is sick, and doesn't want to get ahead of his class in arithmetic. Last time I was sick I was trying to get ahead of the class in arithmetic.

Hobbies for little kids should not involve buying things. The best hobby for a little tot is a rock collection, or a leaf collection. My brother Stanley collects money. From hobbies you learn all kinds of stuff which comes in handy when you are big. For instance if your kid ever needs to know how to write "Greece Postage" in Greek, he will know.

When kids take up hobbies early, it can be messy:

DEAR HENRY: My two-year-old son writes on the wall with pen, pencil and crayon. I have taken them away from him but he gets hold of them somehow. I bought him coloring books but he won't write in them. Please help me!

*Worried Mom*

DEAR WORRIED MOM: Get him a big sheet of paper and explain how to draw on it nicely. Coloring books are too advanced. Praise him for any drawings he makes except the ones on the wall.

For a budding artist, pencils and paper are good things to have around. A good thing you could get Santa Claus to get him at Christmas is a blackboard. If his artistic talents can't wait and the urge forces him to mess up the wall, make him clean it up. Then he will learn that a mother's life is not at all pleasant. He will also learn that an artist's life is not all pleasure either. Then you can take him to see the movies *The Horse's Mouth* or *Call Me Genius*. If you haven't seen them, they are about the hardships of the artist.

DEAR NOISY FISHER FATHER: Bring your son on fishing trips. Buy your son a fishing rod and get him interested in fishing. Then your boy will know not to make noise.

So just teach this kid to fish and he will be getting mad at dad for even burbling a sound.

Pets can be a good pastime to everyone in the family, especially kids. But pets not properly trained can be quite a pastime for the mother. Pets can be even collected like tropical fish or turtles.

The pet is a real pet when it is the only one and can be a companion. It can be even a better companion than a boy or a girl friend 'cause it will do what you want without arguing and yet it is living and has some intelligence of its own. When the parents have just told you off or you are mad at someone you can always go to your pet for sympathy.

The best feeling you can ever get from a pet is when it gets to know you and comes when you call it. You can often study your pet and see how it behaves in life. For example, watching two dogs trying to smell each other's tails; they look like a merry-go-around.

If you have pets, you can't use them for your dissecting experiments like these three guys:

DEAR HENRY: Why are little boys cruel? Recently I gave three little boys, the oldest 12, the youngest eight, three little mallard ducklings. I raised them for naturalizing. They really seemed to want them. But they tormented the ducklings so much that they died.

*Seeking Information*

DEAR S. I.: All us boys aren't cruel, you just picked the wrong ones. You should have given the ducklings to three girls. They would have taken better care of the ducklings.

They must be watching too many doctor shows.



DEAR HENRY: What do you think of a six-year-old boy who spends most of his time catching cats and tormenting them by tossing them into the lake?

*Don't Drown Cats*

DEAR DON'T DROWN CATS: Buy him a cute little kitten and his soft side will take over.

I hope I'm right. Some kids don't have a soft side. "Here little boy, have a cute little kitten." "Oh thank you Sir," Zoom . . . splash! If that kid threw the kitten into the lake he will have to get it out. "Go jump into the lake!"

Here is a letter from a brother:

DEAR HENRY: I am a boy of your age who has a brother four. He is very mean to my dog and I can't hold back my temper. What should I do?

*Tempered Boy*

DEAR TEMPERED BOY: Your brother is jealous of the dog. Teach him to like the dog. Let him help you to walk and feed the dog, and make him feel that it belongs to him too.

That brother is sure living a dog's life. A pet can take away a lot of attention off a baby brother.

Some people who are pony lovers are horses wild and some people who are horses wild are pony lovers:

DEAR HENRY: I am 12 years old and would like to own a pony. My mother thinks it is nonsense as we live in a residential district where there is no place to keep one. Have you any suggestions how I would own one and where I could keep one? Thank you.

*Pony Lover*

DEAR HENRY: I am nine years old and like horses very much. But my father says that I cannot have one because we have no room. What can I do?

*Horses Wild*

DEAR PONY AND HORSES WILD: You don't have any room for horses so why not get some cats? You can't ride cats but they can ride on you. Ever tried to put a horse in your pocket? You can do it with a cat. So why not get some cats as long as you don't have horses.

## 12.

# The Special Problem

Sometimes I get questions from parents and kids about things which are not usually common with most kids. They are not big enough for a chapter but not small enough to leave out.

Some of the special problems are about poor health, bad habits, not getting used to things and bad influence. Many letters come from overanxious parents. An overanxious parent is one who wants a kid to be perfect, or a parent who takes things too seriously. Trying to improve a child is okay but if your kid is good and there is just one thing wrong with him, don't try for the big money, just be happy there is only ONE thing wrong.

Then you come across a kid who isn't really stupid, a disordered kid. Try to help him, and, though this is one of the hardest things to do, *try not to pick on him*.

You've got to keep in top shape, not like this spaghetti backbone.

DEAR HENRY: I have a 13-year-old daughter who is pretty and clever and talented and popular, but she is very round-shouldered and walks with her head stuck out in front instead of walking with her head high like other girls. This makes me very sad. What would you advise me to do? She becomes very

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irritable when I draw attention to it, and ask her to walk straight. She is 5'1" tall so she isn't doing it because she is too tall.

*Sad Mother*

DEAR SAD MOTHER: What your daughter needs is exercise.



**Spaghetti-spine.**

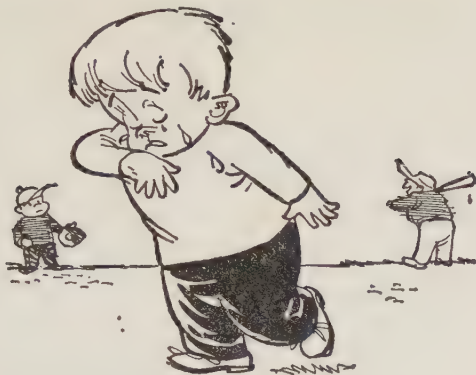
But one mother commented on this answer and she said that this girl had a bad case of a word I can't pronounce and remember. She said this girl needs a doctor, and I passed it to the "Sad Mother."

Some kids aren't properly adjusted to themselves and others:

DEAR HENRY: My Peter is five and is quite a smart little boy. However, he is very impatient and never finishes what he has started. He also gets easily into trouble with other children and ends up coming home crying. Maybe you can advise me how I can make Peter a little happier.

*Mrs. A.S.*





**Ends up coming home crying.**

DEAR MRS. A.S.: This is a tough case. Your boy needs lots of love. Help Peter find a friend who is not as smart and who is weaker than himself. The small boy will respect Peter and Peter will be happier.

Boys like Peter get along well with smaller kids and it often tightens the screw so he can manage with kids his own weight later.

This poor, poor boy has a bad, bad case of allergy. Like many other kids he is allergic to the number one killer, WORK.

DEAR HENRY: My son (Jr. Hi. age) has never liked the word "work" nor anything it represents, since the day he first learned it many years ago (substitutes don't fool him). We have tried all kinds of bribes, kindness, threats, but still no luck! What do you suggest that I might do to stir up my boy's ambition?

*Ambitious Mother*

DEAR AMBITIOUS MOTHER: Try carrying out a threat.

You know the saying "A stitch in time saves nine." Well what I really mean is "A spank in time saves nine"!

Here is a letter, one and only from an old lady who lives in a shoe:

DEAR HENRY: My little girl is two years old and has an annoying habit which she shows no sign of outgrowing. She takes her shoes off every time my back is turned. Now she also removes the shoe laces. I don't blame her for wanting her shoes off at times but all the time is too much work.

*An Old Shoe*

DEAR OLD SHOE: Probably your girl's shoes are uncomfortable. Buy her sandals. She will have a hard time pulling the buckles off. If she still takes her sandals off, let her cut her feet. The best way for a child to learn is the hard way.

It will be hard to forget a few stitches. Here again: "A stitch in time saves nine."

Speaking of annoying habits:

DEAR HENRY: Our daughter makes the most horrible faces. How can I get her to stop?

*Mother of Two*

DEAR MOTHER OF TWO: Pretend that her horrible faces are funny. Tell her to make more funny faces. It's easier for you to tell your daughter to make funny faces than it is for your daughter to perform them.

These two mothers and these two boys go hand in hand:

DEAR HENRY: Jackie, who is 13, got into the very bad habit of chewing bubble gum. He chews it all days and every day. Then he leaves the chewed gum lying around everywhere in the house. How can I stop this?

*Chewed Up*

DEAR CHEWED UP: Be glad he doesn't smoke. Keep him chewing. Collect the chewed gum and put it into his shoes. That'll teach him.

DEAR HENRY: My 17-year-old son has taken up smoking. Whenever he smokes he leaves ashes around for me to clean up. What should I do?

*Buried in Ashes*

DEAR BURIED IN ASHES: BE GLAD HE DOESN'T CHEW GUM.

When these two mothers get tired and bored of cleaning up after their boys, they can trade their boys for a week.

From a nervous wreck:

DEAR HENRY: My daughter, age eight, bites her fingernails almost down to the roots. Bitter medication does not help.

*Concerned Mother*

DEAR CONCERNED MOTHER: Cut her fingernails more often.

Well now if she has no fingernails to bite I can imagine her biting the toe nails.

I am calling all children, all children, who are not getting enough attention from their mothers, to read this:

DEAR HENRY: You seem to be so helpful in answering questions, how about this one:

What would you do with an eight-year-old girl who still sucks her thumb? No teasing or coaxing will make her stop. Do you think giving her more responsibility with a little work at home would help, as she hates to help, but is very clever at school?

*Mr. B.*

DEAR MR. B.: Sucking the thumb is a sure way to get attention with a parent like you. I may be wrong but your girl must have got lots of attention with your coaxing. Don't coax, don't pay attention to her.

"No, darling, never suck your thumb, it's bad for your feet." "Take your thumb out of your mouth, Susie, how do you ever expect to get curly hair?"

Some kids make a big thing out of leaving:

DEAR HENRY: Every time I go to visit my sister some 300 miles from here, my seven-year-old girl acts as if I would never come back. She keeps crying and makes parting miserable.

*Miserable*



**Doesn't want me to see my sister.**

DEAR MISERABLE: Your daughter loves you and that's quite normal. Show her on the map that you are going away only a very short distance, about 2 inches. Promise her a present so that your going will be looked forward to.

*Henry (with help from sister Anne)*

When our parents leave for a trip, my brother spends the last minutes in a toy catalogue. Rather than to say: "God bless you Mom, Dad," he says, "Don't forget."

A loose tooth is keeping this family on the go:

DEAR HENRY: We have a son who is nine years old. Lately he has had a loose tooth and is making a mountain out of a molehill. I think he is making this fuss just to attract attention. What do you think?

*Angry*

DEAR ANGRY: He probably is trying to get attention. But the point is that he is trying to get this attention because he isn't getting enough now. So from now on I think you should show a lot of interest in him and in his loose tooth.

Thumb sucking, loose teeth and fractured fingernails all belong to the same family of gimmicks. Take them seriously, it will help.

A lady who has trouble and is concerned:

DEAR HENRY: I have four children, eldest 28 and youngest 16 years. The youngest is a great starter of things and appears ambitious but he is a poor finisher. He failed his first year high school and he may fail again. The teachers tell me he is quite bright and he even led his class last year in typing. What should I do?

*Frustrated*

DEAR FRUSTRATED: Most bright boys get tired of doing one thing too much. The only solution is a lot of encouragement, no matter what. Your boy slows down when you slow down in giving praise. Push down the accelerator and give him more gas.

And once your kid is driving himself ease up the pressure on the accelerator.

The bigger your kid the bigger your trouble:

DEAR HENRY: I am having a lot of trouble with my 16-year-old son. He has been arrested a few times but never convicted.

He goes around with "black leather jacket" boys who meet on street corners. I have been sick and have not been able to control him. He often talks back at me. What can I do?

*In Desperation*

DEAR IN DESPERATION: It's too bad you have so much trouble with your boy. I am sorry but I can't figure out a solution to this problem because I guess I am a little young. Thanks for trusting me with your problem. I invite any reader who can figure out an answer, to please write in and I will get it published.

This was my first really difficult question. Thanks to all the 16 people who wrote in giving their opinion. I published one which I thought was pretty good.

DEAR HENRY: I am a counselor in an American high school and happened to read the question sent to you by the "In Desperation" mother.

Through you I would advise her to take immediate steps to remove her son from the gang he is travelling with and to explain to him her reasons for doing so. After all, the final character of the man is more important than the disappointment of a boy.

We have dealt with many cases like this one, and young men who entered the Armed Forces usually come back to tell us how delighted they are to be associated with real men and how foolish their old gang of long-haired, leather-jackets seem to them.

Tell the mother that the sooner her son is working at a lumber camp or a farm, or the sooner he is in the uniform, the better he will be for it. However, time is short because such gangs can quickly "sour" a boy's attitude, then his behaviour, then his school record, then his record with police, and then his life.

I hope this will help her.

*T. Franklin Grady, Jr.*



Madam President, will you please take your seat:

DEAR HENRY: I am a girl, eight, and I always want to be a tomboy. But my mommy always says I should be a little lady and I say to myself I'm still a little sissy. But I still play with boys and like it. So what do you think about that?

*Tomboy*

DEAR TOMBOY: Girls were made to be sissies. We don't want girls running the world. Be a tomboy if you want to, you will grow out of it.

Imagine what would happen if this girl became Prime Minister or President. (Choose your leader to fit your nationality.)

When I write a chapter I first divide all the letters up so that all the kids who walk in their sleep are in one place and all the kids who bite their nails are in another. Then I give each place a title. The title I gave to the next two letters was "mousehouse." Read it and you will see why.

DEAR HENRY: I have two children six and eight years old. I would like to go to work to buy "extras" for the house. Would my working be unfair to the children?

*Mother*

DEAR MOTHER: Don't go to work, your children are too young. I'm sure that they will suffer, especially the six year old.

The extra's can wait, your children can't.

You can't judge a chocolate bar by its wrappings:

DEAR HENRY: Most of our neighbors have bigger houses and nicer cars than ours. When our two children were small it didn't bother them. But now they are nine and ten, and are quite conscious of it. Some of the neighbors' children don't make it easier for them and once I overheard some nasty re-

marks. How can I prevent my children being influenced by this?

*Depressed Mother*

DEAR DEPRESSED MOTHER: Tell your children you don't have a big house and a car because you don't need one. The people with big houses and cars feel they need them. Tell your kids to ignore the smart alecks and their wisecracks.

If you don't have the best looking house you can always tell your children that they have the best looking parents. Oh yeah, and why not get the kids to work on one Saturday and make your house the best looking?

I feel really sorry for the parents of this kid:

DEAR HENRY: Our eight-year-old son, almost a monster until recently, has changed all of a sudden to a very lovable, obedient and helpful child. How could we keep him that way?

*Astonished*

DEAR ASTONISHED: You have a serious problem. Your boy is covering up for something he did, and which you will soon hear about.

Kids don't just turn good. You don't get something for nothing. No kid is going to be good unless he has a substantial reason to be. Don't answer any telephone calls or door bells.

If this man doesn't flob a few deals his son will flunk a few grades:

DEAR HENRY: I have a boy named Capoon. He is 14, will be 15 next March and still is in grade seven. Please give me an idea how to get him along. He failed two times the last three years. Sometimes he asks me if he may go to work.

*E. H.*

DEAR MR. E. H.: You give me the impression that you are a busy businessman. Flop a few deals and spend some more time with your Capoon. Talk over his problems, help him on school work, play sports and work on hobbies together. You will land a much bigger and more important deal with your son.

I could tell by the style of this letter that it was written by a businessman.

Because of the too busy parents, there are these special problems which I collected for this chapter. I am not going to make any dripping, dramatic speeches on why a parent should spend lots of time with his kids. I am only going to say that if a break-up comes between you and your kid sew it up as quickly as possible. "A stitch in time saves nine times nine."

## 13.

### Bedee-Bye Time

"Mom, open the door wide so that a lot of light can get into my room."

"But why, Rebecca?"

"So that I can see the badman who is going to hurt me."

When darkness strikes, kids imagine badmen in their closet, under the bed and behind the doors. I know it myself. After seeing a mystery murder show on TV, I go to bed. But my imagination still bothers me. So, to satisfy myself, I get up, search the room, find no one and go back to bed, still a little scared.

A scary book or a bad experience will make a child scared, too. For small boys and girls, a shadow, a noise can make them too scared to fall asleep. A strange bedtime story will keep a child awake all night, and that will keep his mother awake all night.

"Junior, it's time to go to bed," says father.

"But, Dad, it's only 9:30," replies Junior.

"Junior, your bed time is 9:00, you know."

"But Dad, I went to bed at 8:20 three nights ago, doesn't that count?"

"Junior, your bed time is 9:00," repeats Dad.

"I just want to look at a book," pleads Junior.



**Kids imagine Badmen.**

"Your bedtime is 9:00," insists father.

"Can't I just look at a book for 15 minutes?" asks Junior.

"No," says Dad.

"For five minutes?"

"No," replies Dad.

Then Junior says, "Dad, I hope you realize that you are not being very cooperative."

"I know," says father, "but now I am putting my foot down."

"Daddy, your foot is already down," says Junior.

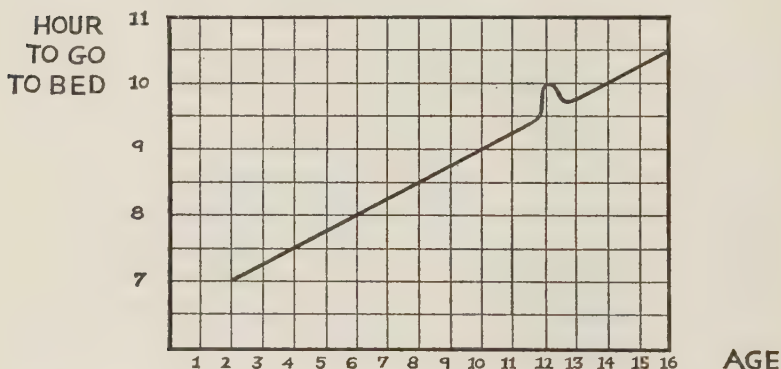
"Don't talk back, Junior. I gather you don't want to go to bed."

"How did you know?" says Junior.

"I guessed," says father. "Well, you won't be able to go to sleep when I get through with you," yells father.

And Junior went to bed and slept happily til morning. He was dreaming of some better excuses for the next battle over going to bed.

This graph shows when you should go to bed:



That bump there is exclusive for twelve-year-olds (By strange coincidence I am twelve years old.)

Why do kids not want to go to bed and find 1,000,000,000 excuses and reasons to get out of it? Here are a few sensible ones:

Just don't feel like going to bed.

Still have enough energy left to do a lot more.

Forgot to do my homework.

I'm hungry. (The kid spends an hour eating a cookie and drinking one glass of milk.)

But once kids are in bed, these are three reasons they don't want to get up in the morning:



Succeeded in staying up late last night.  
Exam day: Scared stiff.  
No homework done: playing sick.

Some fathers have trouble trying to get their son to stick to his bed time, the son would rather stick to TV.

DEAR HENRY: I have a ten-year-old boy. He goes late to bed. He always finds excuses. How can I get him to bed?

*Late Sleeper*

DEAR LATE SLEEPER: I also have a file of excuses. Fix a time and make sure he is in bed at that time. Maybe let him read a book or comics for half an hour. I get drowsy after reading and fall asleep when the lights are out.

This boy is one of those boys who stay up all night wishing he didn't watch Shock Theatre:

DEAR HENRY: My boy is eight years old, doesn't want to sleep alone in his room. What should I do?

*Worried Mother*

DEAR WORRIED MOTHER: I went through that too. I was afraid that the TV villains were going to get me while I was asleep. Let a lot of light into your boy's room and tell him not to worry.

It's a matter of not watching scary programs. I can still remember a television show which was shown two years ago and has haunted me ever since. Whenever I am in bed and I start dreaming of a bad thing I saw on TV, I always shift my mind and start dreaming about a cartoon instead.

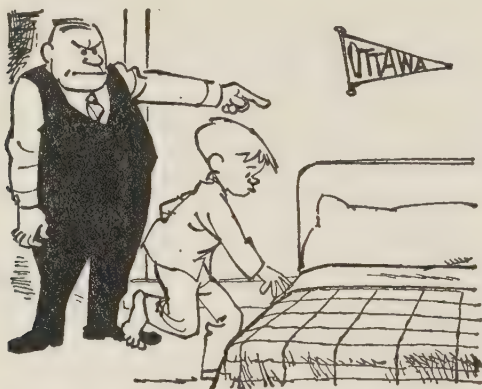
Here is a boy who is consulting me about his bed time:

DEAR HENRY: I'm 12 years old and in grade eight. I go to bed at nine on school nights and 9:30 on holidays.

I think that I should go to bed later on holidays. What time

do you think most other boys go to bed on week ends and what time do you go to bed on week ends?

*Wondering*



**I go to bed at nine o'clock.**

DEAR WONDERING: Don't worry about what time other kids go to bed. I'm only going to say that you should be able to go to bed a little later on week ends. On weekdays you should go to bed as soon as possible, so that you will be sure not to snore in math class.

All he would have to do is consult my chart. For week ends and holidays we can always slap on another half hour because the kid can always sleep another half hour Sunday morning.

These kids want to get dressed very quickly tomorrow:

DEAR HENRY: My children wear their underwear under their pajamas at night. Their grandmother says this is wrong to do. Should I let them wear their underwear all the day and night?

*Mrs. A. R. S.*

DEAR MRS. A. R. S.:

Your children are lazy, I fear,  
Nothing but pajamas on the rear

The skin needs a change of air  
Grammar's advice is quite fair.

Next they will be wanting to wear their P.J.'s under the U.W.'s. Don't let them sneak the pajamas under the underwear.

Five years difference in age and the five-year-old boy wants the ten-year-old sister to go to sleep at the same time:

DEAR HENRY: We have a girl of ten and a boy of five. When bed time comes, our boy never falls asleep until he sees his sister in bed. But she has homework and has to stay up longer. The result is our little one never gets enough sleep. What is your advice?

*Mother with a Problem*

DEAR MOTHER: Your girl can do her homework as soon as she comes home from school. She should go to bed at the same time as your little one. It won't hurt her any. When he is asleep let her slip out of the room and read a book.

Won't the girl dislike to get into pajamas so early? She won't love it at first but it will give her lots of extra time to read, which would otherwise be spent fiddling around. She will like it, once she is used to it. As for junior he will sleep happily ever after.

Children love their parents—most of the time. When a kid is hit by a parent, the kid says lots of things to the parents, who hits him for saying it. And even though the kids say all those things, they show how much they love their parents by crying themselves to sleep when the parents go to a movie or something.

DEAR HENRY: When we are out and have a baby sitter, our children never stop crying until they go to sleep. What can be done?

*Crybabies' Mother*

DEAR CRYBABIES' MOTHER: Let them cry their heads off. It is healthy for young children's lungs. Let the baby sitter listen to the opera free of charge.

This young baby sitter is inquiring when to baby-sit and when to be the baby sittid.

DEAR HENRY: I am nine and would like to know if I am old enough to baby-sit my baby sister, six-months-old. My mother has taught me many things about baby-sitting.

*Maybe Too Young*

DEAR MAYBE TOO YOUNG: Sure, you may baby-sit all afternoon, but after seven P.M. you must become the baby sittid.

Kids of 12 and under shouldn't be allowed to baby-sit outside the family, just to sit their brothers and sisters. If a fire breaks out in another house where he is baby-sitting, his first thought would be to save himself. He might get panicky and run out of the house leaving the helpless baby behind.

If baby-sitting at his own home, there would be a close second thought to save his little brother or sister.



**My father sleeps his life away.**

"Look, Pop, we are sort of getting bored with you."

DEAR HENRY: My father sleeps his life away while our family sits around doing nothing. Our family loves seeing things and our father doesn't. So we are stuck at home.

When we do go out he is very miserable and hardly talks. How can I get my father out?

*Bored*

DEAR BORED: It seems that your father is lacking energy, that's why he can't get up. Something might be wrong; so get your mother to get your father to get a doctor's opinion.

## 14.

# Playmates and Schoolmates

Most schoolmates are also playmates. At school it is so: at the end of a test when the results are read out the congratulations are: "What did you get? I beat you." Between two good friends, each hopes that the other gets a bad mark so that he can have a victory of smartness and tease the other.

Competition is good because to beat your opponent one must study and the more one studies the better the mark and the better the mark, the better the chance of passing with honors.

In every class there is a dunce, a gang of smart alecks and some good students (most girls are good pupils). The dunce is a bad student who does all kinds of stupid things. The good student gets good marks and the teacher lets him do most of the things around the class. The smart alecks are the guys who tease and are jealous of the good students. They try to cover up their own weakness by showing off.

In the junior grades kids form gangs and attach to each other. Sometimes there is hatred between gangs. Children resemble adults and gangs are like countries or people who hate each other. Gang leaders yap a lot and say more naughty words than they should. Their mothers should spank them.

Although there are so many things which are not quite nice among kids there are good things too in having play-





**Gang leaders yap a lot.**

mates. A friend of mine and myself made a terrific railway system. Our trains and tracks were of the same make so we combined our sets to make a super duper set-up.

Girls combine their dolls and miniature furniture to make a girl type super duper set-up.

Friends are valuable, someone to play with, someone to trust. A boy who can't make friends is a square. I left about 25 friends behind on my trip to Europe two years ago. When I got on the ship in Montreal, I decided that it would be more fun to explore the ship with a friend. When I noticed a boy watching the tugboats, I said to him, "My name is Henry.

Do you want to be friends and we will explore the ship together?" So we were friends until we docked in England. I didn't spend the whole trip beating around the bush. Some squares do. One should help them.



**I am Henry.**

I've done enough yapping. Let's see what other people's problems are:

Children are children no matter what their colour or religion or anything else is.

DEAR HENRY: I am a colored man. In our community there lives an Italian grocer who has a little boy five years old. The boy has lived among our people all his life and I believe he is one of the happiest kids in this city. He plays and fights with his chums and when his parents get him something new, he is not satisfied until he shares it with them.

He eats at their home, rides their bicycles and plays there most of the time. His parents know where to find him.

Don't you think that this is a solution to the race problem in America? Let the children associate and the question is solved.

*Good Neighbor*

DEAR NEIGHBOR: You've got an excellent idea. If a cat grows up with a dog, they don't even notice that one purrs and the other barks. But the parent draws the line. That's the trouble with adults and the way they run this world.

Should a little lamb be exposed to a storm?

DEAR HENRY: My daughter will be 11 soon. She likes to play with a clean little girl who has a very nasty 12-year-old brother. My daughter is very impressed by some bad things he does and says. Should I let her play with the little girl?

*Mother*

DEAR MOTHER: Let your daughter play with this girl. She has to get used to all kinds of people, nice people, mean people and teachers. If she doesn't like it she will have to lump it.

Yes, you can't show a lamb sunny clear skies and feed it milk and honey, 'cause, when thunder strikes, it will strike hard. Or when it strikes mom might not be around and little lamb might not know what these electric charges or thunder is, so it wanders from its barn to find out.

"How can I light some dynamite without it exploding?"

DEAR HENRY: Recently I flew up from Brownies and soon I am going to be enrolled into Guides. I go to Guides with a girl who lives near me.

Every night I get out at 8:30 sharp. She takes a special course in home nursing and doesn't get out until 9:15. She wants me to wait for her and that gets my father angry who has to go out at 8:30 too and he is delayed.

My parents insist that I tell her that I can't wait for her. The problem is now how I tell her this without hurting her feelings?

*K. W.*

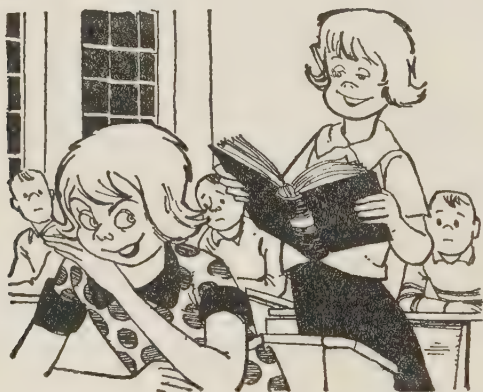
DEAR K. W.: You fly up to this girl and tell her: "My parents say that I can't wait for you." And if she faints, let me know.

You don't need the girl to walk you home, you've already got pop away from TV to pick you up.

Jane and Joan are hot friends even in the middle of class:

DEAR HENRY: My girl friend Jane sits in front of me at school. Whenever I stand up to read she says funny things which make me laugh. What can I do about it?

*Joan*



**My girl friend sits in front of me and makes me laugh.**

DEAR JOAN: Tell Jane to shut up.

*Henry*

I figure the best way in this case is the direct way and I don't figure I could be much more direct than I was in my answer, unless I could use better words, but I couldn't.

Blank (I can't pronounce his name) either doesn't like his name or doesn't like the way the tongue-tied North American boys pronounce it.

DEAR HENRY: My name is Wojciech Chrzasczkowski. I was born in Canada and my parents are Polish. All the boys here tease me on account of my name. When the teacher reads the

presence list, she can't pronounce my name and everyone laughs. What is there to do?

*Wojciech*

DEAR WOJCIECH: Ignore the smart aleck kids who tease you and laugh. When the teacher reads the roll call, show her how to pronounce your name. Everyone here is called Bill, Jack, Johnny, etc., but not everyone gets a *smashing* name like yours.

His name sure stands out, it stands out about eleven extra letters.

This kid has to be taught not to lie just because he doesn't get enough attention cause he'll get too much of the wrong kind of attention once his friends don't find any tigers in his basement:

DEAR HENRY: I have two boys: Sam, eight and John, seven. John has always received too much attention, mostly from grandmother. Now in school, he has started lying to get attention from certain classmates. I have told him this is not right and since he has kept on doing it, I have ignored his stories. His father would just whale the daylights out of him if he knew. On the other hand, I don't want John to get a reputation of being a liar. Which would be best?

*Very Concerned Mother*

DEAR VERY CONCERNED MOTHER: Tell daddy. If your kid goes around telling tall tales, they will stick to his tail for the rest of his life. He won't impress anybody when they come to see his three limousines.

Tell the little liar to save his inspiration to lie for April Fool's Day. Then at least he'll have an excuse when they drag him down to the principal's office.

At the bottom of this pile lies a big man:

DEAR HENRY: I have a problem and want your advice. What should my attitude be towards students in my school?



I am 12 years old and short for my age. I'm in junior high school. The older and much bigger boys are always teasing me about my size.

What would your attitude be?

*Shorty*



**I am short for my age.**

DEAR SHORTY: Ignore the "children." It doesn't matter whether you are big or small. What really matters is how big you are INSIDE.

There is a boy in our class who is 13 and 5'8" (we call him "Spike") and he is as big as he sounds. We tease him by saying "At the bottom of this pile lies a big man, big Spike." Then he gets mad and says: "At the end of this fist lies a big nose, a red nose, a swollen nose, your nose!"

This quarter-back is out for a while:

DEAR HENRY: I broke my leg playing football (I am ten years old). My leg was up in traction for a month. Now it's in a cast up to my waist. All they do is laugh at me. How can I stop them from laughing?

*Quarter-Backer*



DEAR QUARTER-BACKER: "They" are a bunch of brats and aren't worth paying any attention to. Don't worry, soon you will have a full back.

But before he becomes a full back, he has got to be a half back. And next time when you are playing football be more careful. You know they haven't made a position in football for a no-back!

Teen-agers like to think of themselves as polite, hardworking and trustworthy. Parents think they are polite . . . sometimes, trustworthy and hardworking . . . occasionally.

DEAR HENRY: Our church group is having a debate on teen-agers. Our leader has been trying to convince us that the average teen-ager is rude, lazy, incompetent, ignorant and chicken.

We disagree on most of these remarks and he will not change his mind and we haven't yet changed ours.

*Georgina*

DEAR GEORGINA: There is not such a thing as an average teen-ager. You can't say teen-agers are chicken and rude and you can't say that teen-agers are trustworthy and hardworking.

If you want to show him that you are right you've got to win the debate.

I guess I should get this girl and Spike acquainted:

DEAR HENRY: I am a girl of 11 but look 13, for I am 5'-3½". All the boys in our room are smaller than me, and whenever I go to a dance the boy looks up to me.

Because of my height, I do not dance much. What should I do?

*Long Legs*

DEAR LONG LEGS: Don't worry, by the time you are 13 you will be the same height as the boys. It's your growth pattern. And 13 is convenient for you too because that's the AGE you

start dancing. So no dancing now and save your dandy long legs for later.

"Boohoo! Every time I get a break and get invited to a show by a girl, my dumb old parents break the date."

DEAR HENRY: I am 12½. Every time I am invited by a girl to a show my parents won't let me go because they think I am too young. They let me go at night last year.

Please tell me if you think I am too young to go at night.

*Mad*

DEAR MAD: Your parents probably let you go last year because it was a special occasion or they wanted to have some peace and quiet around the house. You are too young. Your parents are right because they've gone through it. When you are old enough, the boys are supposed to do the asking, not the girls.

Speaking in public is risky:

DEAR HENRY: I am in grade eight in school. Ever since I made a speech about cats in a contest a boy in grade seven says "meow" practically every time he sees me. This is rather annoying and I do not know how to stop this. What do you suggest?

*Liz*



Says "meow" every time he sees me.

DEAR LIZ: He is just trying to tease you. Ignore him and he will get tired of it. But it just happens that I know this boy and I will get him to stop.

We had a public speaking contest at school. Her speech was on cats, so I said "Meeoww," just to tease her. My speech was on the Newspaper Industry so she wrote me that. I wasn't going to answer it but mom said I was a chicken if I didn't. That made up my mind. The day after it was in the paper lots of kids asked me if it was her letter. This proves one thing, although the kids don't like to admit it: they read my column!

15.

## The Magic Box

The trouble spots of this world today are Berlin, Laos, Cuba and TV. I will now deal with TV.

In 90 degree weather mom crawled through the doorway with her tongue hanging out. She just came back from the downtown library with some books for her children. Mary looked at the covers and decided they were not worth taking time off from TV. "But Mary darling, when I was a little . . ." "Please mom, not that routine again," said Mary. Listen to this, mom:

Once upon a time there lived two cubs, Honey Face and Boney Face. They didn't have much in common. Boney Face was allowed to watch TV but Honey Face was not. Because of this Honey Face didn't have any imagination. Boney loved to watch TV and learned a lot from it. Honey would read, help mom, play or walk around.

One night Boney was watching a murder show. Grizzley Larson, the hero, was rushing through the forest to try to save mother and a boy bear from being killed by hunters. Grizzley was too late, he heard shots. The show was so sad that Boney turned it off and went to bed.

Next day when the two cubs were playing the hunters came upon them. Sweet little Honey didn't think hunters

would kill innocent cubs. Boney knew what hunters would do so he ran and led Honey to safety.

"I see your point," said Mary's mom. "Kids learn what the world is like by watching TV. But listen to this:

"There are a lot of disadvantages to TV, dear. In summer when the sun goes down at nine P.M. a kid sits at the TV until he goes to bed. He could be playing outdoors, he could be reading a good book. No, he is watching a murder show. At school the topic is TV. 'Did you see all the blood pouring out of that guy on Dial Murder last night?' 'Yeah, he looked like a fountain of blood. They stuck all the swords into his guts so I wonder how they could fit them all inside.'"



**The book is better than TV.**

"You could be right, Mom, but I want to watch this program."

All of a sudden: "Mom, Dad, the TV stopped, no picture!" Panic! Panic! "Fix it, Dad, fix it! How long will it take for that repair man to come?" "About three hours, Mary," said Dad. "Three hours!! . . . Three long, sad, lonely, depressed, gruesome, disastrous hours. What will I do for three hours? Dad, this is a state of emergency!"

"Darling, why don't you read a book?" asked Mom. "The only book I want to read is the TV GUIDE," said Mary. But finally little Mary settled down to read a book. The three disastrous hours passed quickly. "Darling, the TV is fixed," said Dad. "Shhh . . . You're interrupting my reading."

Let your kids learn to live without TV if you don't want them to watch it.

Sure, in some cases no TV is a help:



**Let your kids live without TV.**

DEAR HENRY: My son is not doing too well at school. Do you think it would help if I turned off TV for good?

*Worried*



DEAR WORRIED: Yes, no TV for a while might help, although not forever. Once you notice some progress, turn it on. Keep it on as long as the ticker keeps going up.

What this sophisticated parent thinks is: "If the kids are going to waste their time, watching TV, they might as well waste their time on a program where they could learn something, not a cartoon.

DEAR HENRY: We have frequent disputes at home whether our children should be allowed to watch cartoons. They are not really funny and some completely unlogical. I would rather let my children watch a science film. What is your opinion?

*A Father*

DEAR FATHER: These cartoons develop a child's sense of humor. And a child's imagination comes to life much sooner. Cartoons are not good, is what I say. But they benefit a little kid in its own way.

The late problem:

DEAR HENRY: My children would like to watch TV programs which are on late in the evening. Do you think they should watch these late programs?

*Late, Late*

DEAR LATE, LATE: I wouldn't like to answer this question because I would have to live up to my preaching.

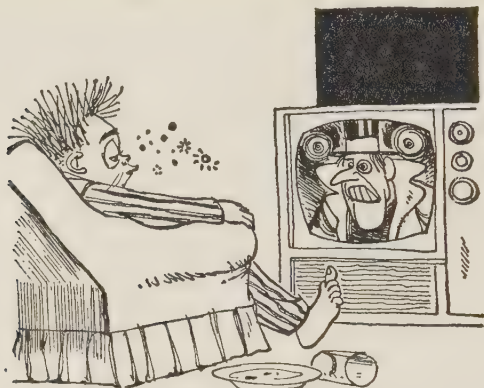
O.K. Don't shoot, I admit I sometimes see the late movie. But I didn't say I didn't!

DEAR HENRY: My father won't let me see "Lucky Larson Western Time." What should I do?

*Eight-Year-Old*

DEAR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD: Your father is bigger and stronger than you: you have to listen to him. If many parents will do the

same, kids will have to form a union and think how to combat this growing problem.



**I sometimes see the late movie.**

I've been given an exclusive interview with the leader of the "Keep TV Free" movement of kids.

"What are your newest plans?" "Well, we intend to stage riots, take over newspapers and print our own issues (stuffed full of propaganda). But our spearhead will be in taking away pleasures the adults have, cause they are stopping TV." "How will you take away the adults' pleasures?" "Well, you see we intend to place plastic bombs in their golf bags."

I had personal experience on TV and got to see how it is like.

Henry, are you nervous? Heck no, I've been in school plays. Jack Paar thought I was some kind of an amateur. The studio audience peered down at me. I thought my undershirt was hanging out the back of my pants, but it wasn't. The show was lots of fun but I couldn't figure out what they were looking for.

In the audience among many people were Mr. John Gudmundsen, the editor of this book, Mr. Ray Argyle, the editor

of my column, and his brother whose name would be Argyle too. There was my father's face, red as a tomato and blue as the sky, and my mother's hands waving up and down, trying to signal me to straighten my tie.

Mr. Paar's other guests were Genevieve and her French poodle, Jonathan Winters (I got his autograph) and some other guys. Genevieve found it hard to believe that I am a columnist. "C'est formidable." We spoke a little French. I know also a little English: Well, old chap, blow me down, blind me. That Paar show was a jolly lot of fun.

"To Tell the Truth" was lots of fun, too. "I am Henry Makow," said Mr. Marcotte. "I am Henry Makow," said Chris Clarke. "No, you are not," yelled his sister from the audience. Before the show she was very upset seeing that her brother is going to be somebody else. "I am Henry Makow," said me. Then we all trooped downstairs and took our seats on the stage. I was number 3, Chris number 2, and Mr. Marcotte number 1. There were four panelists.

This time it was different. Most of the audience had to look up at me and I wasn't too nervous. The MC was Bud Collier. He looked up and said: "OK, we will start questioning. Number 2, how many hours should children watch TV in a day?" "About three," answered Chris, who was 11. "And how long in a week?" "About one to three hours a day," said Chris. Chris was nervous and goofed that up.

"Number 1, how many baths should a child take in a week?" "At least one a day," replied Mr. Marcotte obediently. He was about 55 and looked like a chairman of a school board. "Number 3, how many baths should a child take in a week?" I thought a little and then replied, "One and one half."

The audience roared up and when the laughter died down Sam Levenson, one panelist, asked: "Please clarify what is a

half a bath?" "A shower," I replied. The crowd roared. The panelists made jokes about it: "Does half a bath make half a ring around the bath tub?" they asked me again. "Which side does your father spank when he is mad at you, the part you washed or the other half?" "Both," I replied. Three out of four panelists guessed me as the columnist. Well, as Perry Mason says, "The truth will out."

I got also invited to "I Got a Secret" with Garry Moore. This time I was not a tenderfoot, but I was nervous anyway. My dad took me to an amusement center around the block about 30 minutes before the show and allowed me to gamble. Of course I didn't lose. I won some shoe laces and a magnet. This pepped me up. On the show there was a magician, a gate crasher and an off-beat columnist who advises parents. I was really impressed by the gate crasher; it might change my career. I bet he crashed his way in. On the show I still got my secret; the panel didn't guess it.

It was my mother's turn to bring me to the program "Close-Up." On the other side of the building I got hold of a TV set and watched Red Skelton. They were looking for me all over the place and couldn't find me. This was a *live* show. I finally wandered into the studio right on time. I was interviewed and then they decided to call my mother in, to her and my surprise. Mom did well considering she was unprepared. I did well considering I was unprepared for my unprepared mother.

P. S.

This world is very interesting and beautiful. God made it beautiful and people made it interesting. Our fathers and mothers worked hard to make it a lovely place to live for their kids. They have built schools for us to learn to know this world, how to live in it, and how to carry on so that we make it even more beautiful and interesting.

Now, I think there should be a United Nations for kids. Children from all countries of the world would get together. They will find ways to knock some sense into adults' heads to prevent them from blowing up this world and with it our future.

*So long for a while!*

HENRY



**The world is very beautiful.**







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MAR 31 '68

FEB. 23 1966

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